

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS: FRENCH PAINTERS.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

FRENCH art has not so early a date for its beginnings as has that of Italy or Germany, but, like Spanish art, can be traced back to about the middle of the fifteenth century. At first, architecture was more important with the French than either painting or sculpture. Many splendid edifices may still be seen in France which were decorated by artists from Italy or the Netherlands whom the French sovereigns invited to their courts before they had artists of their own.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN,\* who was born at Anderlys in Normandy, in 1594, was the first great French painter. He must, indeed, be said to be partly of the Italian school, for while still quite young he made his way to Rome, in spite of great poverty and many hardships. There he studied, and really formed his style from the study of antique art and from the works of Raphael. In spite of many adversities from which he suffered, he made such a reputation in Rome that his fame reached France; and at the request of Louis XIII., he returned to his native country. He was lodged in the Palace of the Tuileries and he received many honors; but he longed for Rome. He soon asked leave to go there for his wife, who had remained behind; and as King Louis died shortly after, Poussin never returned to France.

This master was very simple in his tastes and devoted to art. He received more orders for pictures than he could fill, but he was never rich.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, whose real name was Claude Gelée, was born in the town of Châtenay, in the

Duchy of Lorraine, in 1600. There are various accounts of his youth and of the way in which he came to be a painter. We know that his parents were poor and had a large family, and that they died while Claude was still young.

One story is that both his parents died when he was about twelve years old and that he made his way to Frieburg, beyond the Vosges mountains and the Rhine valley, where his elder brother Jean was settled as an engraver and wood-carver. Claude, who had been a very stupid boy over his books, now showed a true artistic talent, and a relative of his who was a lace-merchant, and on his way to Rome, proposed to take the lad to that great city, where he could learn much more of art than was known in the Black Forest. Jean Gelée consented, and Claude departed on his journey.

Very soon the lace-merchant was forced to leave him, and Claude, a boy of fourteen, found himself alone, with little money and no friends. He began, however, to study the works of art which were about him on every side, and made copies of some paintings. His brother sent him a little money, and he earned what he could by acting as color-grinder in the studios, all the while profiting by the conversations which he there heard, and by watching the manner in which others painted. During his fourth year in Rome his brother was obliged to say that he could send him no more money, and then Claude set out for Naples, where he remained about two years. Here he was in the midst of beauties such as he had not seen, and he

\* See page 394.

was deeply moved by them. In many of his pictures the Bay of Naples is seen, and he painted it with a loving heart.

About 1620, Claude returned to Rome and entered the service of Agostino Tassi. This artist was a great favorite in Rome, and all the chief men of the city visited him and conversed upon all the important topics and events of that notable time. Claude listened and profited by what he heard, and conducted himself in such a manner that Tassi came to regard him as an adopted son. But all that he learned of painting from Tassi or any other master was of little account in comparison with that which he gained from Nature. Early in the morning, late at night,—at all times, in season and out of season, he was accustomed to go forth, beyond the city streets, out on the Campagna, where he could study sunlight and starlight, note the changes of the seasons, and become familiar with all the varying features of the landscape.

In 1625 he determined to return to his home. He was absent from Rome for more than two years. He met with many sad experiences; he was ill, and was twice robbed of all that he had in the world, so that on his return to Rome he was forced to tarry in Marseilles and earn the money to complete his journey. Meantime he had seen Venice, and studied its scenery and its works of art; he had delighted in the magic coloring of the great Titian, and in the brilliancy which sea and sky take on in that City of the Adriatic.

When he returned to Rome in 1627, Nicholas Poussin was the leader of the Society of French Artists there, and Claude became one of the circle which felt the influence of that master.

In spite of his close study of nature, Claude rarely painted a picture that exactly reproduced any one view that he had seen. He used his colors and made sketches out-of-doors, and he kept in his studio many of these exact copies of scenery, but he made up his pictures by taking bits here and there from various sketches. He was accustomed to consult one very large work, which represented the country about Villa Madama on Mount Mario. It was finished with great exactness and had in it nearly every variety of foliage found in Central Italy, so that he could turn to it for any variety of leaves and trees. Pope Clement IX. wished to buy that picture, and offered Claude as many gold pieces as would cover it; but even for so large a price Claude would not sell it. At length the talents of this master began to be recognized, and slowly and surely he rose to such a position that he could afford a studio on the Pincian Hill, near that of Poussin. Here he worked industriously upon pictures, which were rapidly sold.

At length, it happened that the attention of the great Cardinal Bentivoglio, the confidential friend of Pope Urban VIII., was drawn to Claude's pictures. He ordered some works for himself, and when the Pope saw them in the cardinal's palace, he summoned Claude to an interview, asked him to paint four pictures for his own palace, and from that hour the fame and fortune of Lorraine advanced from one height to another with no lagging pace. Orders now came to him from sovereigns and those of highest places in church and state; and soon such value was put upon his works that none but the wealthiest could buy them. His studio was visited by all persons of distinction in Rome; and in 1636, while still a young man, Claude Gelée had reached the very summit of artistic fame.

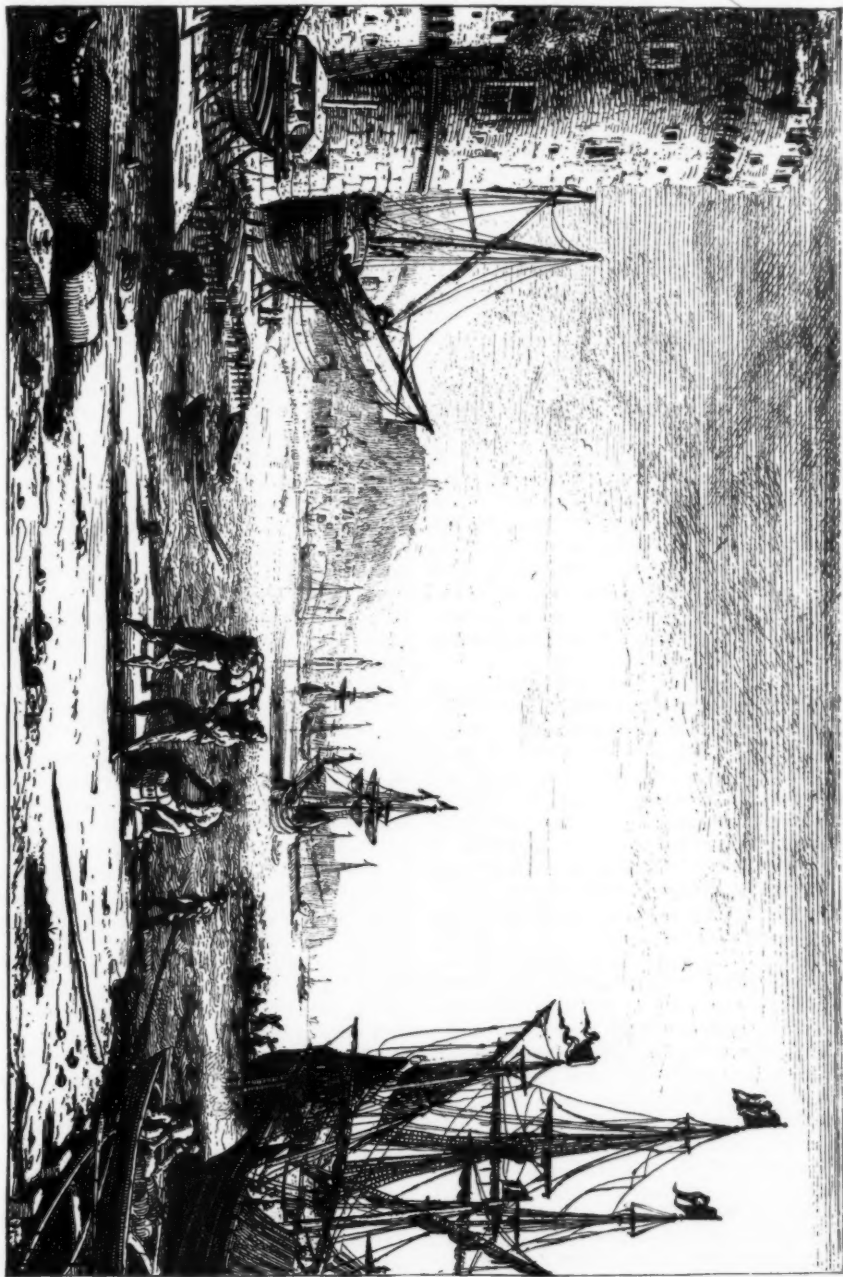
It was in this year that Claude made his finest etching. The etchings of this artist are about forty-four in number; they are very much valued by collectors, and good impressions are so rare that they are sold for several hundred dollars each.

When Lorraine became the landscape-painter of the world, and his pictures commanded great prices, other artists began to imitate his works as nearly as possible, and to sell them for originals. To remedy this evil Claude prepared a "*Liber Veritatis*," or "Book of Truth," in which he made drawings of every picture that he painted, and wrote upon them the names of the persons for whom they were made and the places to which they were sent. After that, it was easy to detect the counterfeits by reference to these drawings. At the time of his death these sketches numbered more than two hundred. They were preserved for a long time by his heirs, but were at length purchased by a Frenchman who took them to Paris and offered them to the king. His Majesty, however, did not buy them, and they were afterward purchased by an English nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire.

There are many other drawings by Claude in existence; all are regarded as very valuable.

Claude Lorraine lived about sixty years in Rome.

There is one anecdote told of him which shows his quiet nature more than any other circumstance of which we know. He had but a single pupil in all his life. This was a poor cripple named Giovanni Domenico. Claude remembered with so much gratitude all that Agostino Tassi had done for him that he wished to bestow like benefits upon another. Domenico was bright in mind though deformed in body; he learned rapidly, and for twenty-five years remained in Claude's studio, and was well known in all the city. When he was forty years old, some of his master's enemies per-



"THE SEAPORT WITH THE GREAT TOWER," AFTER A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

suaded him to claim that he had executed the best pictures which Claude had sold as his own. Domenico left the master's studio and demanded a salary for all the years he had passed there. It is difficult to imagine the grief this must have been to Claude; he would not, however, contend with one whom he had loved, and he gave Domenico the sum for which he asked. The traitor died soon after, and reaped no happiness from the fruits of his wickedness. The falsehood of his claim was shown to the world by the fact that Claude painted his best pictures after Domenico had left him.

To describe the celebrated works of this master, or to give an account of the distinguished persons for whom they were painted, would require a volume. Many of them are now in celebrated galleries and are visited by all travelers. I have said that the prices he received were so large that only the wealthy could own his works; to-day their worth is many times doubled.

Claude Lorraine continued to work to the end of his life. In the collection of Queen Victoria there is a picture painted when he was almost eighty-two years old. A few months after this was completed he suffered an acute attack of gout with much fever, and he died on November 21, 1682. In July, 1840, his remains were removed to the French church of San Luigi de' Francisi, near the Pantheon, where the French Government erected a monument to his memory.

Many writers upon art have praised the works of Claude Lorraine. He is called the prince and poet of landscape-painters, and though some imperfections were pointed out from time to time, yet the testimony was in his praise until within the present century. Some years ago, the English painter, Turner, declared him to be a very faulty artist, and presented two of his own landscapes to the National Gallery, in London, on condition that they should be hung between two works by Claude. Ruskin has said some severe things of one of those works in his "Modern Painters"; but in spite of Turner and Ruskin, the name of Claude Lorraine stands too high in the world of art to be brought down to any common level.

One of his great excellences was in the representation of immense space; another was his color; he seems first to have used a silvery gray, over which he painted; this gives an effect of atmosphere which is very real—an effect rarely seen. His architectural works are superb, but he never painted animals or figures well. He was accustomed to say, "I sell my landscapes, but I give away my figures."

Other French painters of the seventeenth century studied in Rome, but neither their lives nor their works were of such interest as to detain us here.

#### ANTOINE WATTEAU.

THIS artist was born in 1684, and inspired by the picturesque costumes and habits of the court of Louis XIV., he broke away from all former rules of the artists of his country, and made pictures of manners and customs that were distinctly French. From this departure by Watteau may be said to date the true French School of Art.

There is little to be told of the life of Watteau.

His importance lies in the fact that he was original and earnest, and while his art was not of the loftiest type, he did his work well and in a manner which entitles him to a good rank among painters. Many of his pictures represent the *fêtes* and the merry out-of-door life of the court of Louis XIV., and reproduce the manners and costumes of that time with such exactness as to give them an historical value.

As a rule, his canvases are small and crowded with figures. They show ladies and gentlemen loitering in groups in charming garden temples in the midst of beautiful grounds, dancing on green turf, playing games, or promenading in brilliant costumes on the banks of quiet streams or beneath the branches of the forest trees; all above and around is bright and gay.

His pictures are seen in some of the principal galleries of Europe, and when they are sold they bring large prices.

#### JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

was the next French painter of whom I shall speak. He was born in 1725, and devoted himself chiefly to portrait painting. He excelled in pictures of beautiful women and lovely children. His single heads of young girls are his finest works, though there is an affected and extravagant air about some of them. His color was always pleasing, but some of his pictures are so finely finished that they look as if painted upon ivory.

A few of his paintings are known the world over. The "Village Betrothal" is sometimes called his masterpiece; the "Paternal Curse" is a celebrated work; and a favorite one is the "Broken Jug."

Most of the works of this master are in private galleries, but a few are seen in public collections. His pictures sell for fabulous sums.

Among the art-students in Paris, in 1770, was a young girl, Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigée, known to us as

#### MADAME LE BRUN.

She was born in Paris in 1755. The father of Elizabeth Vigée was a painter of little importance, but he was a favorite with a large circle of friends, and

\* An engraving of this painting formed the frontispiece of ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1883.



though he died when his daughter was but twelve years old, he had already so encouraged her talent and so interested people in her as to make her future easy. She had a few lessons from Greuze and others, but she sought to study Nature for herself, and to follow no school or system, and to this she attributed her success. When but sixteen years old, she was brought to public notice by two portraits which she painted and presented to the French Academy.

At the age of twenty, Mademoiselle Vigée married Monsieur Le Brun, who was a careless and unfortunate man and who spent all that his wife earned. In her memoirs, she tells us that when she left France, thirteen years after her marriage, she had not twenty francs, though she had earned more than a million.

Madame Le Brun painted portraits of the most eminent people; and between herself and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, there existed a true affection. Their intercourse was that of devoted friends. In the great state picture at Versailles, in which Madame Le Brun represented the Queen surrounded by her children, one feels the tender sentiment with which the artist painted her sovereign and friend. Marie Antoinette used her influence to have Madame Le Brun elected to the Academy; Vernet also favored it, and the unusual honor was paid her of an election before her reception-picture was finished. This was a matter of great importance at that time, as only the members of the Academy were allowed to exhibit their works at the salons, which are now open to all.

Many tales were told of Madame Le Brun's extravagance; but her own account of an entertainment which she gave, and which was a subject of endless remark, shows how little she merited censure in that instance, at least. She relates that she had invited a number of friends for an evening to listen to the reading of a poet. In the afternoon, while her brother read to her an account of an ancient Grecian dinner, which even gave the rules for cooking, Madame Le Brun determined upon improvising a Greek supper for her guests. She first instructed her cook as to the preparation of the food, and then she borrowed from a dealer, whom she knew, some cups, vases, and lamps, and arranged her studio with the effect which an artist knows how to make.

Among her guests were several very pretty ladies, and they all wore costumes as much like the old Greek costumes as was possible in the short time for preparation. Madame Le Brun wore the white blouse in which she always painted, and added a veil and crown of flowers. Her little daughter and another child were dressed as pages, and carried antique vases. A canopy was hung above the table,

and the guests were placed in picturesque attitudes, and the whole effect was such that when the later comers reached the door of the supper-room they had a delightful surprise. It was as if they had been transported to another age and clime; a Greek song was chanted to the music of the lyre; and when honey, grapes, and other dishes were served after the Greek manner, the enchantment was complete; a member of the company recited odes from a Greek poet of ancient times, and all passed off delightfully.

The fame of this novel affair spread all over Paris, and its magnificence and its cost were said to be marvelous. Some of the court ladies asked Madame Le Brun to repeat it, but she refused, and they were disturbed by it. The king was told that the supper cost twenty thousand francs, but one of the gentlemen who had been present told His Majesty the truth. However, the sum was swelled to forty thousand by the time the story reached Rome. Madame Le Brun writes, "At Vienna the Baroness de Strogonoff told me that I had spent sixty thousand francs for my Greek supper; that at St. Petersburg the price was at length fixed at eighty thousand francs; and the truth is that that supper cost me about fifteen francs."

Early in the year 1789, when the first mutterings of the dreadful horrors of the Revolution were heard in France, Madame Le Brun went to Italy. She was everywhere received with honor; and at Florence she was asked to paint her own portrait for a gallery, which is consecrated to the portraits of distinguished painters. After she reached Rome she sent the well-known picture with the parted lips showing the pearly teeth, and the hand holding the pencil as if drawing. (See frontispiece.)

Madame Le Brun enjoyed her life in Rome so much that she declared that if she could forget France she should be the happiest of women. She could not execute all the orders for portraits which she received, but after three years she was seized with the unrest which comes to those who are exiled from their native land, and, impelled by this discontent, she went to Vienna. There she remained three years; but again she longed for change and went to Russia, where her reception was most flattering.

She spent six years in Russia, and into this time was crowded much of honor, kindness, labor, joy, and sorrow.

In her Paris receptions during the later years of her life, the most distinguished people of the city were accustomed to assemble; artists, men of letters, and men of society, here all met on common ground, and laid aside all differences of opinion. Only good feeling and equality found a place

near this gifted woman, and few people are so sincerely mourned as was Madame Le Brun when she died, at the age of eighty-seven.

Her works numbered six hundred and sixty portraits, fifteen pictures, and about two hundred landscapes from sketches made in her travels. Her portraits included those of the sovereigns and royal families of all Europe, as well as those of famous authors, artists, musicians, and learned men in church and state. She was a member of eight academies, and her works are seen in many fine collections. As an artist, we can not admire Madame Le Brun as much as did many of her own day, but she holds an honorable place in general art, and a high position among women artists.

#### ÉMILE JEAN HORACE VERNET,

commonly called Horace Vernet, was born in Paris in 1789. As a boy, Horace was the pupil of his father, and before he was fifteen years old he supported himself by his own drawings.

The "Taking of a Redoubt" was one of his earliest pictures of a military subject, and from that beginning he devoted himself to the painting of military scenes. Horace Vernet married when but twenty years old, and soon after began to keep an exact account of all the moneys he received or spent. In this record the growth of his fame is shown by the increase in the prices which were paid him for his pictures; they vary from twenty-four sous, or about a quarter of a dollar, for a sketch of a tulip to fifty thousand francs (ten thousand dollars) for a portrait of the Empress of Russia.

When twenty-three years old, he began to receive orders from the King of Westphalia and other persons of rank. In 1814, when twenty-five, he fought on the Barrière Clichy in company with his father and other artists, and for his gallant conduct there he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor's own hand. In 1817 Vernet painted the "Battle of Tolosa," which was the beginning of his triumphs, and he soon became the favorite of the Duke of Orleans (afterward King Louis Philippe), whose portrait he painted in various costumes and characters. Vernet was not in favor with the Bourbons, however, and as he had made some lithographs which were displeasing to the King, it seemed best for him to leave Paris. He went to Rome with his father and remained there for some time.

After his return to Paris in 1822, Vernet exhibited forty-five of his pictures in his own studio. After the exhibition of his works orders and money came to him abundantly, and in the year 1824 he received nearly fifty-two thousand francs. About this time Vernet painted the portraits of some dis-

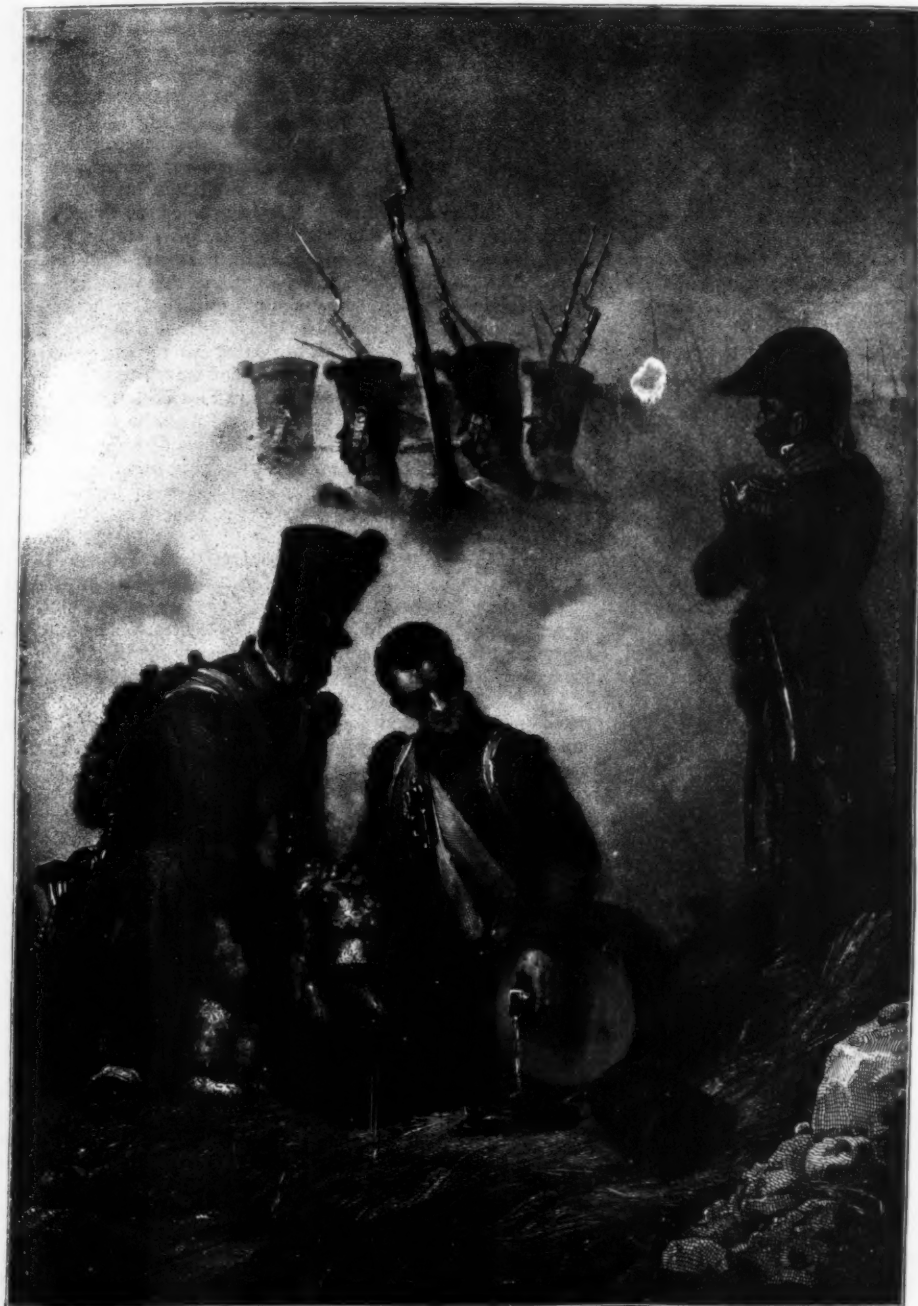
tinguished persons, and received an order for one of Charles X.; this made his portraits so much the fashion that he could not receive all who wished to sit to him. He took time, however, to paint some battle-scenes, and in 1825 finished the last of four which the Duke of Orleans had ordered to be placed in the Palais Royal.

In 1828 Horace Vernet was appointed Director of the French Academy in Rome. He lived generously, and held weekly receptions which were attended by artists, travelers, and men of distinction in Rome. These assemblies were very gay, and it seemed as if a bit of Paris had been set down in the midst of Rome. Vernet now painted a greater variety of subjects than before, but he made no advance in serious work. He soon grew very impatient of his life in Rome, though it was full of honor. He wished to follow the French army, and study new subjects for such pictures as he loved best.

In 1833 he was relieved from his office and went to Algiers. There were no active military operations, but Vernet made many sketches and painted some Eastern scenes. During the same year, Louis Philippe ordered the Palace of Versailles to be converted into an historical museum. The King wished Horace Vernet to paint pictures of the battles of Friedland, Jéna, and Wagram. There were, however, no wall-spaces in the palace large enough to satisfy Vernet, and for that reason two stories were thrown together, and a great Gallery of Battle-pieces made.

Louis Philippe desired Vernet to introduce a certain incident into one of his pictures, which Vernet refused to do. He therefore left Paris for St. Petersburg, where he was received with much honor. He was, however, much missed at Versailles, and when suddenly called to Paris by the illness of his father, he was respectfully reinstated at the palace. When the news of the taking of the city of Constantine was received, he was sent officially to Algiers to make sketches for his pictures in the Salon of Constantine, which in the end became a vast monument to this artist. In 1839 Vernet went to Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, and again to Russia, where he made a long journey with the Emperor. He was a great favorite with this sovereign, though he did not always agree with His Majesty. It is possible that this independence of thought was really welcome to one who was too much feared to be often addressed with such frankness as Vernet used. While in Russia, he painted the portrait of the Empress, and received many valuable presents.

After his return to Paris Vernet devoted himself to portrait painting, but his old love was too strong to be resisted, and in 1845 he joined the French



"THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT." AFTER A PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.

army in the Spanish valley of Aran. The troops received him with great enthusiasm; they honored him as the great painter of their hardships, their bravery, and their victories. During all his life Vernet received the honors that were paid him with great modesty, and in this manifested the sterling common-sense quality of his character. Horace Vernet died in 1863, full of years and of honors.

Vernet was forced to earn his living when so young that he had no opportunity for study, but his quick perception and active mind, with his large opportunities for observation, made him an acceptable companion to men of culture and learning. Horace Vernet was not a poet nor a true artist in the highest sense of the term; his art was not imaginative nor creative; he produced no beautiful pictures from deep resources in his own nature, but his works have great value and interest as a true record of events, and he commands our respect as one who made the best use of all his powers. He was a trifle vain, and loved to upset a box which contained all his decorations, and spill them out pell-mell as if these ribands and stars, which were the rewards of his life-work, were of no value. Cheerfulness and industry were two of his chief characteristics.

Vernet's most remarkable gift was his memory; he has never been surpassed in this regard by any other painter, and it is doubtful if any other has equaled him. He remembered things exactly as he had seen them. If Vernet spoke with a soldier, although he knew neither his name nor any facts about the man, yet long afterward the memory of the artist held a model from which he could paint the face of that particular soldier.

He painted action well; he knew how to suit the folds and creases of his stuffs to the positions of the men who wore them; his color was good, when we remember what colors enter into military subjects; for the crude brilliancy of the reds and yellows in gaudy uniforms are not suited to poetic effects of color.

#### JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID,

born in Paris in 1748, was, at the close of the last century, considered the first French painter of his time. So great was his influence upon the painting of France, that for some years he was an absolute dictator regarding all matters connected with it. He was a figure painter, and painted but one landscape in his life. Many of his pictures seem to be mere groups of statues; their flesh is as hard as marble, and there is nothing in them that appeals to our sympathy or elevates our feeling.

David became the friend of Napoleon, and painted the "Passage of St. Bernard" and other scenes

from the life of the Emperor. After the overthrow of Napoleon, David was banished to Brussels, and his family were not allowed to bury him in France.

#### JEAN DOMINIQUE AUGUSTIN INGRES,\*

born at Montauban in 1781, was the most celebrated pupil of David. His father was a painter, sculptor, and musician, and desired that his son should excel in music. The boy played the violin, and it is said that when thirteen years old he was applauded in a theater in Toulouse. But his love of drawing proved so strong that when seventeen years old he entered the studio of David. In 1801 he took the prize which entitled him to go to Rome, but his poverty prevented his reaching that city until 1806; he remained there fourteen years and then passed four years in Florence.

In 1824, Ingres opened a studio in Paris and received pupils, and a little later he was appointed to the Academy. His work was severely criticised, and this so affected his spirits that in 1834 his friends obtained his appointment as Director of the French Academy in Rome. After holding this office seven years, he went again to Paris, and this time in triumph. He was now praised as much as he had been blamed, and until his death he was loaded with honors, while enormous prices were paid for his works.

In the great Exposition of 1855, a room was devoted to the pictures of Ingres, and he received a grand medal of honor from the jury. He had no charity for those who differed from him in opinion. His appearance was not agreeable; his face has always an expression of bad temper — but extreme determination of character often gives a disagreeable air to a face, and it may be this which disfigures the face of Ingres.

When he first went to Rome he was very poor, and the utmost economy of his means was necessary in order to give him a living and leisure for the pursuit of his art. In 1813 he married, and his wife stood between him and all the petty troubles of life; she sold his works for the best possible prices, and by assuming all his cares gave him quiet days for labor when he dreamed not of the trials from which she saved him by her patient devotion.

The works of Ingres are very numerous. He painted one picture which was sold in England for sixty-three thousand francs. He executed some portraits and a few decorative paintings. He was without doubt a much greater artist than his master David, but there has rarely been an artist concerning whom the opinions of good critics differ so widely. Perhaps justice would neither exalt nor debase him, but accord to him an acknowledgement of all that can be attained by patience and industry

\* See page 394.

through many years, without the inspiration of great genius.

A list of the honors which were showered upon Ingres would be almost as long as the catalogue of his pictures; he was a senator, a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and of six academies, and was decorated by the orders of several countries outside his own.

#### HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE,

who is called "Paul Delaroche," was born at Paris in 1797. He was a very careful and skillful painter, and made many preparations for his work before commencing it. At times he went so far as to make wax models for his groups before painting them. He had a clear, simple conception of his subjects, but he was not poetical nor imaginative. He had an intellect which would have won success in almost any career that he might have chosen, but he was not a genius.

The masterpiece of Delaroche is a great painting called the "Hemicycle" in the theater of the Palace of the Fine Arts in Paris, and this work is so famous that one thinks of it involuntarily whenever his name is mentioned. It has seventy-five life-size figures, and the artist spent three years in painting it; it represents the arts of different countries and times by portraits of the artists of those times and nations.

Among his historical subjects were the "Condemnation of Marie Antoinette," "Cromwell Contemplating the Remains of Charles I.," and other similar scenes. The interesting study which he made for the "Hemicycle," and from which he and his scholars painted that great work, is in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. When the works of Delaroche are sold they bring large prices; his "Lady Jane Grey" was sold for one hundred and ten thousand francs, or twenty-two thousand dollars.

Delaroche was a member of the Institute, an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a professor in the School of Fine Arts in Paris.

#### FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX,

who was born in 1798, was another gifted painter. While a youth, he lost a fortune, and he was forced to struggle hard for the merest necessities for existence.

However, he had steadfastness and courage, and when twenty-three years old he exhibited a picture which attracted much attention, and was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery.

In 1830, he traveled in Spain, Algiers, and Morocco, and painted a few pictures of scenes in those countries. After his return to France, he obtained the commission to decorate the new Throne-room in the Chamber of Deputies. He was severely criticised by other artists, but when his work was done it was found to be magnificent in effect, and from that time he was prosperous. Some of his large pictures are at Versailles, others are seen in the churches of Paris, and he also received the important commission of the decoration of the Library of the Chamber of Peers. In 1857, Delacroix was made a member of the Institute, having received a grand medal of honor from the jury of the great Exposition two years earlier.

The subjects of some of this artist's works were very dramatic, and he has been called "the Victor Hugo of painting." There is no doubt that his forcible imagination is his most noteworthy characteristic. Like all great artists, Delacroix loved space. This is shown in his decorative works, such as the "Apollo Triumphant over Python," on the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre. It is one of his masterpieces in this kind of painting, and shows him to have been a genius of great dramatic power. It was the terrible which pleased him most, but while the impress of a master's hand is on his pictures, we are not attracted by them and can not love them. One writer has called Delacroix "the last of a grand family of artists," and his name is a fitting one with which to close this paper.

### AN EXPLANATION.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

WHEN you see the baby walk  
Step by step; and stumble,  
Just remember, now he's here,  
Both his wings are gone.—Oh, dear!  
Catch him, or he'll tumble!

When you hear the baby talk  
Bit by bit, all broken,  
Only think how he forgets  
All his angel-words, and lets  
Wonders go unspoken!



## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## CHAPTER V.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage containing little Lord Fauntleroy and Mr. Havisham drove up the long avenue which led to the castle. The Earl had given orders that his grandson should arrive in time to dine with him, and for some reason best known to himself, he had also ordered that the child should be sent alone into the room in which he intended to receive him. As the carriage rolled up the avenue, Lord Fauntleroy sat leaning comfortably against the luxurious cushions, and regarded the prospect with great interest. He was, in fact, interested in everything he saw. He had been interested in the carriage, with its large, splendid horses and their glittering harness; he had been interested in the tall coachman and footman, with their resplendent livery; and he had been especially interested in the coronet on the panels, and had struck up an acquaintance with the footman for the purpose of inquiring what it meant.

When the carriage reached the great gates of the park, he looked out of the window to get a good view of the huge stone lions ornamenting the entrance. The gates were opened by a motherly, rosy-looking woman, who came out of a pretty, ivy-covered lodge. Two children ran out of the door of the house and stood looking with round, wide-open eyes at the little boy in the carriage, who looked at them also. Their mother stood courtesying and smiling, and the children, on receiving a sign from her, made bobbing little courtesies too.

"Does she know me?" asked Lord Fauntleroy. "I think she must think she knows me." And he took off his black velvet cap to her and smiled. "How do you do?" he said brightly. "Good afternoon!"

The woman seemed pleased, he thought. The smile broadened on her rosy face and a kind look came into her blue eyes.

"God bless your lordship!" she said. "God bless your pretty face! Good luck and happiness to your lordship! Welcome to you!"

Lord Fauntleroy waved his cap and nodded to her again as the carriage rolled by her.

"I like that woman," he said. "She looks as if she liked boys. I should like to come here and play with her children. I wonder if she has enough to make up a company?"

Mr. Havisham did not tell him that he would scarcely be allowed to make playmates of the gate-keeper's children. The lawyer thought there was time enough for giving him that information.

The carriage rolled on and on between the great, beautiful trees which grew on each side of the avenue and stretched their broad, swaying branches in an arch across it. Cedric had never seen such trees,—they were so grand and stately, and their branches grew so low down on their huge trunks. He did not then know that Dorincourt Castle was one of the most beautiful in all England; that its park was one of the broadest and finest, and its trees and avenue almost without rivals. But he did know that it was all very beautiful. He liked the big, broad-branched trees, with the late afternoon sunlight striking golden lances through them. He liked the perfect stillness which rested on everything. He felt a great, strange pleasure in the beauty of which he caught glimpses under and between the sweeping boughs—the great, beautiful spaces of the park, with still other trees, standing sometimes stately and alone, and sometimes in groups. Now and then they passed places where tall ferns grew in masses, and again and again the ground was azure with the bluebells swaying in the soft breeze. Several times he started up with a laugh of delight as a rabbit leaped up from under the greenery and scudded away with a twinkle of short white tail behind it. Once a covey of partridges rose with a sudden whir and flew away, and then he shouted and clapped his hands.

"It's a beautiful place, is n't it?" he said to Mr. Havisham. "I never saw such a beautiful place. It's prettier even than Central Park."

He was rather puzzled by the length of time they were on their way.

"How far is it?" he said, at length, "from the gate to the front door?"

"It is between three and four miles," answered the lawyer.

"That's a long way for a person to live from his gate," remarked his lordship.

Every few moments he saw something new to wonder at and admire. When he caught sight of the deer, some couched in the grass, some standing with their pretty antlered heads turned with a half-startled air toward the avenue as the carriage wheels disturbed them, he was enchanted.

"Has there been a circus?" he cried; "or do they live here always? Whose are they?"

"They live here," Mr. Havisham told him. "They belong to the Earl, your grandfather."

It was not long after this that they saw the castle. It rose up before them stately and beautiful and gray, the last rays of the sun casting dazzling lights on its many windows. It had turrets and battlements and towers; a great deal of ivy

He saw the great entrance-door thrown open and many servants standing in two lines looking at him. He wondered why they were standing there, and admired their liveries very much. He did not know that they were there to do honor to the little boy to whom all this splendor would one day belong,—the beautiful castle like the fairy



"THE GATES WERE OPENED BY A WOMAN AND TWO CHILDREN WHO CAME OUT OF A PRETTY IVY-COVERED LODGE."

grew upon its walls; all the broad open space about it was laid out in terraces and lawns and beds of brilliant flowers.

"It 's the most beautiful place I ever saw!" said Cedric, his round face flushing with pleasure.

"It reminds any one of a king's palace. I saw a picture of one once in a fairy-book."

king's palace, the magnificent park, the grand old trees, the dells full of ferns and bluebells where the hares and rabbits played, the dappled, large-eyed deer couching in the deep grass. It was only a couple of weeks since he had sat with Mr. Hobbs among the potatoes and canned peaches, with his legs dangling from the high stool; it would not have

been possible for him to realize that he had very much to do with all this grandeur. At the head of the line of servants there stood an elderly woman in a rich, plain black silk gown; she had gray hair and wore a cap. As he entered the hall she stood nearer than the rest, and the child thought from the look in her eyes that she was going to speak to him. Mr. Havisham, who held his hand, paused a moment.

"This is Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs. Mellon," he said. "Lord Fauntleroy, this is Mrs. Mellon, who is the housekeeper."

Cedric gave her his hand, his eyes lighting up.

"Was it you who sent the cat?" he said. "I'm much obliged to you, ma'am."

Mrs. Mellon's handsome old face looked as pleased as the face of the lodge-keeper's wife had done.

"I should know his lordship anywhere," she said to Mr. Havisham. "He has the Captain's face and way. It's a great day, this, sir."

Cedric wondered why it was a great day. He looked at Mrs. Mellon curiously. It seemed to him for a moment as if there were tears in her eyes, and yet it was evident she was not unhappy. She smiled down on him.

"The cat left two beautiful kittens here," she said; "they shall be sent up to your lordship's nursery."

Mr. Havisham said a few words to her in a low voice.

"In the library, sir," Mrs. Mellon replied. "His lordship is to be taken there alone."

A few minutes later, the very tall footman in livery, who had escorted Cedric to the library door, opened it and announced: "Lord Fauntleroy, my Lord," in quite a majestic tone. If he was only a footman, he felt it was rather a grand occasion when the heir came home to his own land and possessions, and was ushered into the presence of the old Earl, whose place and title he was to take.

Cedric crossed the threshold into the room. It was a very large and splendid room, with massive carven furniture in it, and shelves upon shelves of books; the furniture was so dark, and the draperies so heavy, the diamond-paned windows were so deep, and it seemed such a distance from one end of it to the other, that, since the sun had gone down, the effect of it all was rather gloomy. For a moment Cedric thought there was nobody in the room, but soon he saw that by the fire burning on the wide hearth there was a large easy-chair, and that in that chair some one was sitting—some one who did not at first turn to look at him.

But he had attracted attention in one quarter

at least. On the floor, by the armchair, lay a dog, a huge tawny mastiff, with body and limbs almost as big as a lion's; and this great creature rose majestically and slowly, and marched toward the little fellow with a heavy step.

Then the person in the chair spoke. "Dougal," he called, "come back, sir."

But there was no more fear in little Lord Fauntleroy's heart than there was unkindness—he had been a brave little fellow all his life. He put his hand on the big dog's collar in the most natural way in the world, and they strayed forward together, Dougal sniffing as he went.

And then the Earl looked up. What Cedric saw was a large old man with shaggy white hair and eyebrows, and a nose like an eagle's beak between his deep fierce eyes. What the Earl saw was a graceful, childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with lovelocks waving about the handsome, manly little face, whose eyes met his with a look of innocent good-fellowship. If the castle was like the palace in a fairy story, it must be owned that little Lord Fauntleroy was himself rather like a small copy of the fairy prince, though he was not at all aware of the fact, and perhaps was rather a sturdy young model of a fairy. But there was a sudden glow of triumph and exultation in the fiery old Earl's heart as he saw what a strong, beautiful boy this grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck. It pleased the grim old nobleman that the child should show no shyness or fear, either of the dog or of himself.

Cedric looked at him just as he had looked at the woman at the lodge and at the housekeeper, and came quite close to him.

"Are you the Earl?" he said. "I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

He held out his hand because he thought it must be the polite and proper thing to do even with earls. "I hope you are very well," he continued, with the utmost friendliness. "I'm very glad to see you."

The Earl shook hands with him, with a curious gleam in his eyes; just at first, he was so astonished that he scarcely knew what to say. He stared at the picturesque little apparition from under his shaggy brows, and took it all in from head to foot.

"Glad to see me, are you?" he said.

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, "very."

There was a chair near him, and he sat down on it; it was a high-backed, rather tall chair, and his feet did not touch the floor when he had settled himself in it, but he seemed to be quite com-

fortable as he sat there, and regarded his august relative intently but modestly.

"I've kept wondering what you would look like," he remarked. "I used to lie in my berth in the ship and wonder if you would be anything like my father."

"Am I?" asked the Earl.

"Well," Cedric replied, "I was very young when he died, and I may not remember exactly how he looked, but I don't think you are like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose?" suggested his grandfather.

"Oh, no!" responded Cedric politely. "Of course you would like any one to look like your father; but of course you would enjoy the way your grandfather looked, even if he was n't like your father. You know how it is yourself about admiring your relations."

The Earl leaned back in his chair and stared. He could not be said to know how it was about admiring his relations. He had employed most of his noble leisure in quarreling violently with them, in turning them out of his house, and applying abusive epithets to them; and they all hated him cordially.

"Any boy would love his grandfather," continued Lord Fauntleroy, "especially one that had been as kind to him as you have been."

Another queer gleam came into the old nobleman's eyes.

"Oh!" he said, "I have been kind to you, have I?"

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy brightly; "I'm ever so much obliged to you about Bridget, and the apple-woman, and Dick."

"Bridget!" exclaimed the Earl. "Dick! The apple-woman!"

"Yes!" explained Cedric; "the ones you gave me all that money for—the money you told Mr. Havisham to give me if I wanted it."

"Ha!" ejaculated his lordship. "That 's it, is it? The money you were to spend as you liked. What did you buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

He drew his shaggy eyebrows together and looked at the child sharply. He was secretly curious to know in what way the lad had indulged himself.

"Oh!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "perhaps you did n't know about Dick and the apple-woman and Bridget. I forgot you lived such a long way off from them. They were particular friends of mine. And you see Michael had the fever——"

"Who 's Michael?" asked the Earl.

"Michael is Bridget's husband, and they were in great trouble. When a man is sick and can't

work and has twelve children, you know how it is. And Michael has always been a sober man. And Bridget used to come to our house and cry. And the evening Mr. Havisham was there, she was in the kitchen crying because they had almost nothing to eat and could n't pay the rent; and I went in to see her, and Mr. Havisham sent for me and he said you had given him some money for me. And I ran as fast as I could into the kitchen and gave it to Bridget; and that made it all right; and Bridget could scarcely believe her eyes. That 's why I'm so obliged to you."

"Oh!" said the Earl in his deep voice, "that was one of the things you did for yourself, was it? What else?"

Dougal had been sitting by the tall chair; the great dog had taken its place there when Cedric sat down. Several times it had turned and looked up at the boy as if interested in the conversation. Dougal was a solemn dog, who seemed to feel altogether too big to take life's responsibilities lightly. The old Earl, who knew the dog well, had watched it with secret interest. Dougal was not a dog whose habit it was to make acquaintances rashly, and the Earl wondered somewhat to see how quietly the brute sat under the touch of the childish hand. And, just at this moment, the big dog gave little Lord Fauntleroy one more look of dignified scrutiny, and deliberately laid its huge, lion-like head on the boy's black-velvet knee.

The small hand went on stroking this new friend as Cedric answered:

"Well, there was Dick," he said. "You'd like Dick, he 's so square."

This was an Americanism the Earl was not prepared for.

"What does that mean?" he inquired.

Lord Fauntleroy paused a moment to reflect. He was not very sure himself what it meant. He had taken it for granted as meaning something very creditable because Dick had been fond of using it.

"I think it means that he would n't cheat any one," he exclaimed; "or hit a boy who was under his size, and that he blacks people's boots very well and makes them shine as much as he can. He 's a professional bootblack."

"And he 's one of your acquaintances, is he?" said the Earl.

"He is an old friend of mine," replied his grandson. "Not quite as old as Mr. Hobbs, but quite old. He gave me a present just before the ship sailed."

He put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a neatly folded red object and opened it with an air of affectionate pride. It was the red silk hand-

kerchief with the large purple horse-shoes and heads on it.

"He gave me this," said his young lordship. "I shall keep it always. You can wear it round your neck or keep it in your pocket. He bought it with the first money he earned after I bought Jerry out and gave him the new brushes. It's a keepsake. I put some poetry in Mr. Hobbs's watch. It was, 'When this you see, remember me.' When this I see, I shall always remember Dick."

The sensations of the Right Honorable the Earl of Dorincourt could scarcely be described. He was not an old nobleman who was very easily bewildered, because he had seen a great deal of the world; but here was something he found so novel that it almost took his lordly breath away, and caused him some singular emotions. He had never cared for children; he had been so occupied with his own pleasures that he had never had time to care for them. His own sons had not interested him when they were very young—though sometimes he remembered having thought Cedric's father a handsome and strong little fellow. He had been so selfish himself that he had missed the pleasure of seeing unselfishness in others, and he had not known how tender and faithful and affectionate a kind-hearted little child can be, and how innocent and unconscious are its simple, generous impulses. A boy had always seemed to him a most objectionable little animal, selfish and greedy and boisterous when not under strict restraint; his own two eldest sons had given their tutors constant trouble and annoyance, and of the younger one he fancied he had heard few complaints because the boy was of no particular importance. It had never once occurred to him that he should like his grandson; he had sent for the little Cedric because his pride impelled him to do so. If the boy was to take his place in the future, he did not wish his name to be made ridiculous by descending to an uneducated boor. He had been convinced the boy would be a clownish fellow if he were brought up in America. He had no feeling of affection for the lad; his only hope was that he should find him decently well-featured, and with a respectable share of sense; he had been so disappointed in his other sons, and had been made so furious by Captain Errol's American marriage, that he had never once thought that anything creditable could come of it. When the footman had announced Lord Fauntleroy he had almost dreaded to look at the boy lest he should find him all he had feared. It was because of this feeling that he had ordered that the child should be sent to him alone. His pride could not endure that others should see his disappointment if he was to be disappointed.

His proud, stubborn old heart therefore had leaped within him when the boy came forward with his graceful, easy carriage, his fearless hand on the big dog's neck. Even in the moments when he had hoped the most, the Earl had never hoped that his grandson would look like that. It seemed almost too good to be true that this should be the boy he had dreaded to see—the child of the woman he so disliked—this little fellow with so much beauty and such a brave, childish grace! The Earl's stern composure was quite shaken by this startling surprise.

And then their talk began; and he was still more curiously moved, and more and more puzzled. In the first place, he was so used to seeing people rather afraid and embarrassed before him, that he had expected nothing else but that his grandson would be timid or shy. But Cedric was no more afraid of the Earl than he had been of Dougal. He was not bold; he was only innocently friendly, and he was not conscious that there should be any reason why he should be awkward or afraid. The Earl could not help seeing that the little boy took him for a friend and treated him as one, without having any doubt of him at all. It was quite plain as the little fellow sat there in his tall chair and talked in his friendly way that it had never occurred to him that this large, fierce-looking old man could be anything but kind to him, and rather pleased to see him there. And it was plain, too, that, in his childish way, he wished to please and interest his grandfather. Cross, and hard-hearted, and worldly as the old Earl was, he could not help feeling a secret and novel pleasure in this very confidence. After all, it was not disagreeable to meet some one who did not distrust or shrink from him, or seem to detect the ugly part of his nature; some one who looked at him with clear, unsuspecting eyes,—if it was only a little boy in a black-velvet suit.

So the old man leaned back in his chair, and led his young companion on to telling him still more of himself, and with that odd gleam in his eyes watched the little fellow as he talked. Lord Fauntleroy was quite willing to answer all his questions and chatted on in his genial little way quite composedly. He told him all about Dick and Jerry, and the apple-woman, and Mr. Hobbs; he described the Republican Rally in all the glory of its banners and transparencies, torches and rockets. In the course of the conversation, he reached the Fourth of July and the Revolution, and was just becoming enthusiastic, when he suddenly recollected something and stopped very abruptly.

"What is the matter?" demanded his grandfather. "Why don't you go on?"

Lord Fauntleroy moved rather uneasily in his



chair. It was evident to the Earl that Lord Fauntleroy was embarrassed by the thought which had just occurred to him.

"I was just thinking that perhaps you might n't like it," he replied. "Perhaps some one belonging to you might have been there. I forgot you were an Englishman."

"You can go on," said my lord. "No one be-

a development as this. He felt himself grow quite hot up to the roots of his hair.

"I was born in America," he protested. "You have to be an American if you are born in America. I beg your pardon," with serious politeness and delicacy, "for contradicting you. Mr. Hobbs told me, if there were another war, you know, I should have to — to be an American."



"ARE YOU THE EARL?" SAID CEDRIC. "I'M YOUR GRANDSON. I'M LORD FAUNTLEROY."

longing to me was there. You forgot you were an Englishman, too."

"Oh! no," said Cedric quickly. "I'm an American!"

"You are an Englishman," said the Earl grimly. "Your father was an Englishman."

It amused him a little to say this, but it did not amuse Cedric. The lad had never thought of such

The Earl gave a grim half laugh — it was short and grim, but it was a laugh.

"You would, would you?" he said.

He hated America and Americans, but it amused him to see how serious and interested this small patriot was. He thought that so good an American might make a rather good Englishman when he was a man.

They had not time to go very deep into the Révolution again — and indeed Lord Fauntleroy felt some delicacy about returning to the subject — before dinner was announced.

Cedric left his chair and went to his noble kinsman. He looked down at his gouty foot.

"Would you like me to help you?" he said politely. "You could lean on me, you know. Once when Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot with a potato-barrel rolling on it, he used to lean on me."

The big footman almost periled his reputation and his situation by smiling. He was an aristocratic footman who had always lived in the best of noble families, and he had never smiled; indeed, he would have felt himself a disgraced and vulgar footman if he had allowed himself to be led by any circumstance whatever into such an indiscretion as a smile. But he had a very narrow escape. He only just saved himself by staring straight over the Earl's head at a very ugly picture.

The Earl looked his valiant young relative over from head to foot.

"Do you think you could do it?" he asked gruffly.

"I *think* I could," said Cedric. "I'm strong. I'm seven, you know. You could lean on your stick on one side, and on me on the other. Dick says I've a good deal of muscle for a boy that's only seven."

He shut his hand and moved it upward to his shoulder, so that the Earl might see the muscle Dick had kindly approved of, and his face was so grave and earnest that the footman found it necessary to look very hard indeed at the ugly picture.

"Well," said the Earl, "you may try."

Cedric gave him his stick, and began to assist him to rise. Usually the footman did this, and was violently sworn at when his lordship had an extra twinge of gout. The Earl was not a very polite person as a rule, and many a time the huge footmen about him quaked inside their imposing liveries.

But this evening he did not swear, though his gouty foot gave him more twinges than one. He chose to try an experiment. He got up slowly and put his hand on the small shoulder presented to him with so much courage. Little Lord Fauntleroy made a careful step forward, looking down at the gouty foot.

"Just lean on me," he said, with encouraging good cheer. "I'll walk very slowly."

If the Earl had been supported by the footman he would have rested less on his stick and more on his assistant's arm. And yet it was part of his experiment to let his grandson feel his burden as no light weight. It was quite a heavy weight indeed, and after a few steps his young lordship's face grew

quite hot, and his heart beat rather fast, but he braced himself sturdily, remembering his muscle and Dick's approval of it.

"Don't be afraid of leaning on me," he panted, "I'm all right — if — if it is n't a very long way."

It was not really very far to the dining-room, but it seemed rather a long way to Cedric, before they reached the chair at the head of the table. The hand on his shoulder seemed to grow heavier at every step, and his face grew redder and hotter, and his breath shorter, but he never thought of giving up; he stiffened his childish muscles, held his head erect, and encouraged the Earl as he limped along.

"Does your foot hurt you very much when you stand on it?" he asked. "Did you ever put it in hot water and mustard? Mr. Hobbs used to put his in hot water. Arnica is a very nice thing, they tell me."

The big dog stalked slowly beside them, and the big footman followed; several times he looked very queer as he watched the little figure making the very most of all its strength, and bearing its burden with such good will. The Earl, too, looked rather queer, once, as he glanced sidewise down at the flushed little face.

When they entered the room where they were to dine, Cedric saw it was a very large and imposing one, and that the footman who stood behind the chair at the head of the table stared very hard as they came in.

But they reached the chair at last. The hand was removed from his shoulder, and the Earl was fairly seated.

Cedric took out Dick's handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"It's a warm night, is n't it?" he said. "Perhaps you need a fire because — because of your foot, but it seems just a little warm to me."

His delicate consideration for his noble relative's feelings was such that he did not wish to seem to intimate that any of his surroundings were unnecessary.

"You have been doing some rather hard work," said the Earl.

"Oh, no!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "it was n't exactly hard, but I got a little warm. A person will get warm in summer time."

And he rubbed his damp curls rather vigorously with the gorgeous handkerchief. His own chair was placed at the other end of the table, opposite his grandfather's. It was a chair with arms, and intended for a much larger individual than himself; indeed, everything he had seen so far, — the great rooms, with their high ceilings, the massive furniture, the big footman, the big dog, the Earl himself, — were all of proportions calculated to make

this little lad feel that he was very small, indeed. But that did not trouble him; he had never thought himself very large or important, and he was quite willing to accommodate himself even to circumstances which rather overpowered him.

Perhaps he had never looked so little a fellow as when seated now in his great chair, at the end of the table. Notwithstanding his solitary existence, the Earl chose to live in considerable state. He was fond of his dinner, and he dined in a formal style. Cedric looked at him across a glitter of splendid glass and plate, which to his unaccustomed eyes seemed quite dazzling. A stranger looking on might well have smiled at the picture,—the great stately room, the big liveried servants, the bright lights, the glittering silver and glass, the fierce-looking old nobleman at the head of the table and the very small boy at the foot. Dinner was usually a very serious matter with the Earl—and it was a very serious matter with the cook, if his lordship was not pleased or had an indifferent appetite. To-day, however, his appetite seemed a trifle better than usual, perhaps because he had something to think of beside the flavor of the *entrées* and the management of the gravies. His grandson gave him something to think of. He kept looking at him across the table. He did not say very much himself, but he managed to make the boy talk. He had never imagined that he could be entertained by hearing a child talk, but Lord Fauntleroy at once puzzled and amused him, and he kept remembering how he had let the childish shoulder feel his weight just for the sake of trying how far the boy's courage and endurance would go, and it pleased him to know that his grandson had not quailed and had not seemed to think even for a moment of giving up what he had undertaken to do.

"You don't wear your coronet all the time?" remarked Lord Fauntleroy respectfully.

"No," replied the Earl, with his grim smile; "it is not becoming to me."

"Mr. Hobbs said you always wore it," said Cedric; "but after he thought it over, he said he supposed you must sometimes take it off to put your hat on."

"Yes," said the Earl, "I take it off occasionally."

And one of the footmen suddenly turned aside and gave a singular little cough behind his hand.

Cedric finished his dinner first, and then he leaned back in his chair and took a survey of the room.

"You must be very proud of your house," he said, "it's such a beautiful house. I never saw anything so beautiful; but, of course, as I'm only seven, I have n't seen much."

"And you think I must be proud of it, do you?" said the Earl.

"I should think any one would be proud of it," replied Lord Fauntleroy. "I should be proud of it if it were my house. Everything about it is beautiful. And the park, and those trees,—how beautiful they are, and how the leaves rustle!"

Then he paused an instant and looked across the table rather wistfully.

"It's a very big house for just two people to live in, is n't it?" he said.

"It is quite large enough for two," answered the Earl. "Do you find it too large?"

His little lordship hesitated a moment.

"I was only thinking," he said, "that if two people lived in it who were not very good companions, they might feel lonely sometimes."

"Do you think I shall make a good companion?" inquired the Earl.

"Yes," replied Cedric, "I think you will. Mr. Hobbs and I were great friends. He was the best friend I had except Dearest."

The Earl made a quick movement of his bushy eyebrows.

"Who is Dearest?"

"She is my mother," said Lord Fauntleroy, in a rather low, quiet little voice.

Perhaps he was a trifle tired, as his bed-time was nearing, and perhaps after the excitement of the last few days it was natural he should be tired, so perhaps, too, the feeling of weariness brought to him a vague sense of loneliness in the remembrance that to-night he was not to sleep at home, watched over by the loving eyes of that "best friend" of his. They had always been "best friends," this boy and his young mother. He could not help thinking of her, and the more he thought of her the less was he inclined to talk, and by the time the dinner was at an end the Earl saw that there was a faint shadow on his face. But Cedric bore himself with excellent courage, and when they went back to the library, though the tall footman walked on one side of his master, the Earl's hand rested on his grandson's shoulder, though not so heavily as before.

When the footman left them alone, Cedric sat down upon the hearth-rug near Dougal. For a few minutes he stroked the dog's ears in silence and looked at the fire.

The Earl watched him. The boy's eyes looked wistful and thoughtful, and once or twice he gave a little sigh. The Earl sat still, and kept his eyes fixed on his grandson.

"Fauntleroy," he said at last, "what are you thinking of?"

Fauntleroy looked up with a manful effort at a smile.

"I was thinking about Dearest," he said; "and—and I think I'd better get up and walk up and down the room."

He rose up, and put his hands in his small pockets, and began to walk to and fro. His eyes were very bright, and his lips were pressed together, but he kept his head up and walked firmly. Douglas moved lazily and looked at him, and then stood up. He walked over to the child, and began to follow him uneasily. Fauntleroy drew one hand from his pocket and laid it on the dog's head.

"He's a very nice dog," he said. "He's my friend. He knows how I feel."

"How do you feel?" asked the Earl.

It disturbed him to see the struggle the little fellow was having with his first feeling of home-sickness, but it pleased him to see that he was making so brave an effort to bear it well. He liked this childish courage.

"Come here," he said.

Fauntleroy went to him.

"I never was away from my own house before," said the boy, with a troubled look in his brown eyes. "It makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle instead of in his own house. But Dearest is not very far away from me. She told me to remember that—and—and I'm seven—and I can look at the picture she gave me."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small violet velvet-covered case.

"This is it," he said. "You see, you press this spring and it opens, and she is in there!"

He had come close to the Earl's chair, and, as he drew forth the little "JUST LEAN ON ME," SAID LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, "I'LL WALK VERY SLOWLY." case, he leaned against the arm of it, and against the old man's arm, too, as confidently as if children had always leaned there.

"There she is," he said, as the case opened; and he looked up with a smile.

The Earl knitted his brows; he did not wish to see the picture, but he looked at it in spite of himself; and there looked up at him from it such a pretty young face—a face so like the child's at his side—that it quite startled him.

"I suppose you think you are very fond of her," he said.

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, in a gentle tone, and with simple directness; "I do think so, and I think it's true. You see, Mr. Hobbs was my friend, and Dick and Bridget and Mary and Michael, they were my friends, too; but Dearest—well, she is my *close* friend, and we always tell each other everything. My father left her to me



to take care of, and when I am a man I am going to work and earn money for her."

"What do you think of doing?" inquired his grandfather.

His young lordship slipped down upon the hearth-rug, and sat there with the picture still in his hand. He seemed to be reflecting seriously, before he answered.

"I did think perhaps I might go into business with Mr. Hobbs," he said; "but I should *like* to be a President."

"We'll send you to the House of Lords instead," said his grandfather.

"Well," remarked Lord Fauntleroy, "if I could n't be a President, and if that is a good business, I should n't mind. The grocery business is dull sometimes."

Perhaps he was weighing the matter in his mind, for he sat very quiet after this, and looked at the fire for some time.

The Earl did not speak again. He leaned back in his chair and watched him. A great many strange new thoughts passed through the old nobleman's mind. Dougal had stretched himself

out and gone to sleep with his head on his huge paws. There was a long silence.

In about half an hour's time Mr. Havisham was ushered in. The great room was very still when he entered. The Earl was still leaning back in his chair. He moved as Mr. Havisham approached, and held up his hand in a gesture of warning—it seemed as if he had scarcely intended to make the gesture—as if it were almost involuntary. Dougal was still asleep, and close beside the great dog, sleeping also, with his curly head upon his arm, lay little Lord Fauntleroy.

(To be continued.)

## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLK.

BY HELEN JACKSON. (H. H.)

### "TIT FOR TAT."

THE saying is a by-word of ill-nature and quarreling. "Tit for tat" and "Good enough for you!"—those were the two meanest exclamations ever heard in the set of children among whom I grew up. Our differences were due to thoughtlessness and not to any bad intent; and those of us who quarreled most fiercely one day were often the best of friends the next. I suppose that is just the way it is with children to-day, and always will be so long as the world lasts and men and women have to begin their lives by being boys and girls. But we should have been a great deal happier if we had never quarreled; had never said or acted "Tit for Tat."

Acting it is worse than saying it. It is bad enough to do a mean or unkind thing to another person from any motive, from envy or hatred or hasty temper,—but to do it simply (as the saying is) "to pay back" for an unkind thing done to us, seems to me the very meanest kind of meanness.

It occurred to me once upon a time to try to find out what the hateful phrase came from. "Tit for tat!"—the words sound as silly as they are ugly, and I wondered how they had ever come to be in people's mouths, like a sort of proverb. To my great surprise, I found that the saying originated with the Dutch people. In Dutch, it was "Dit voor dat," and the words mean simply "This for that," nothing more.

Then how has the saying come to mean always, the return of a disagreeable or cruel action, by one of its own kind? There is a proverb, "One good turn deserves another." When kindness is repaid by

kindness, therefore, why should we not say, "This for that," as well as when unkindness is repaid by unkindness.

Nobody can give any reason. And nobody can tell, now, how the ill-natured meaning was ever fastened to the words; but there it is, fastened close, and it will always stick, I suppose. Yet it would be a very jolly little phrase, if it meant a good thing. The syllables are short and brisk-sounding; and they are based upon three cheerful vowels: i—o—a, each with the shortest, merriest sound it has. Surely, it is a shame to degrade them so when we might turn the phrase right around if we would,—inside out, and right side out, at last; and we might make it mean just the opposite from what it always has meant, by never using it, except when we had paid back a bad turn by a good one, an unkind action by a loving one, a mean deed by the most generous one we could plan or perform. Then would be the time to cry out "Tit for Tat! This for that, my friend! and as often as you treat me badly, I'll treat you well, and we'll see which will get tired soonest!" If the saying ever comes to mean that, it will be by the children's beginning to give it that meaning. It would take about a century, I dare say. But that is only three generations of children! Would n't it be worth while for the children of to-day to start the new version of the saying? And then, some time in the far distant future, say in the year 2090, perhaps somebody who is interested in searching out the origin of phrases, will be seeking, as I sought, to find out where "Tit for Tat" came from. By that time, you see, if three generations of American children have all been steadily working, to give



the new, kind meaning to the words, the phrase will come to be as good as the Golden Rule in the New Testament, and everybody will be interested in knowing about it.

Then this seeker out of meanings, of the year 2090, might perhaps read something like this:

"The phrase, 'Tit for Tat' has undergone a curious change. For a long time it was what people said when they returned evil for evil: 'Tit for Tat,' 'This for That,' *i. e.*, this injury I do you is in payment for that injury you did me."

"But in 1886 some American children thought that they would give the phrase a new and nobler meaning: would make it the watchword of kind deeds done in return for unkind ones; in other words a sort of supplement to the Bible's Golden Rule. Their example spread among all the children in the land, and now in America the phrase is never used in the old sense."

The more I think of it, the more I feel as if I must be writing a sort of prophecy, and it would

really come true. Any boy or girl who thinks it a good prophecy, that ought to come true, can begin to fulfill it right away. Every good thing that has ever been done in the world, has been done by one person's beginning it first! Then this person makes others think and do as he does, and so the thing is at last accomplished.

As I have great hopes that some among the ST. NICHOLAS children will agree with me that we ought to give poor "Tit for Tat" a chance to become respectable, I have written two little verses, which will be good to help them to remember their duty in the case:

"It was the Dutchmen said it first.  
They called it 'Dit vor dat.'  
It's grown to be an ugly rule,  
As we say, 'Tit for Tat.'

But what the Dutch words really mean,  
Is simply, 'This for that.'  
We might make it a Golden Rule,  
And still say, 'Tit for Tat!'"

## THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE boys from Tin Horn were always troublesome, to begin with. On the other hand, the village boys, and especially those belonging to the Boat Club, were never friendly to the Tin Horn boys. There was a mill at Tin Horn, and nearly all the boys worked there, and on Saturday afternoons, when the mill was closed, they came over to the Great Pond, half-way to the village, to see the boating and skating. These mill boys were not exactly bad, but their confined life and hard work made them rather rough playfellows. Perhaps this was partly owing to the fact that they had never felt the soothing influence of a lapstreak nor the moral support of a pair of good skates. They were poor boys. The village boys had skates and lapstreaks and a good boathouse. So it happened there was not much intercourse between the two sets of boys. It was even said the Tin Horn boys stood on the shore and made fun of the younger members of the honorable Boat Club. On the other hand, the village boys had never once invited the mill boys to take a sail, though there was always room enough in the boats. In the winter, the poor little fellows stood and looked on while the more fortunate boys cut beautiful figures with their club skates. Perhaps, if they had

never put themselves in the skaters' way, nor laughed quite so loudly when any fellow sat down unintentionally, the village boys might have been more friendly. But it did seem as if the boys from Tin Horn were forever making trouble of some kind.

One night in February, there was a heavy fall of snow, and the skating on the Great Pond was greatly impeded. The members of the Boat Club, knowing that everybody would wish to try the skating on Saturday afternoon, went down to the pond, and with brooms and shovels cleared off the snow over quite a large part of the ice in front of the boathouse. But the snow had drifted badly in the night, and the dawn of Saturday broke clear, cold, and very windy. Parts of the sandy road along the north shore were bare, and the wind was northwest. These things the boys did not at the time observe, which was a great pity, for had they noticed them, the great snowball fight might not have happened.

Soon after one o'clock, the entire Boat Club, accompanied by every boy and girl who owned a pair of skates, went to the pond. When they reached the cleared place, the skating was completely ruined. The ice was covered with sand. Every one said at once that those dreadful mill

boys had spread sand on the ice, out of mischief, just to spoil the fun they could not enjoy themselves.

Then James Carter, the President of the Boat Club, said the sand must be swept off the ice, and he appointed Jake Stiles, Fred Tinker, and Tommy Morris as a committee of three to go over to the Widow Lawson's and borrow one or two brooms. The Widow Lawson lived in a large wooden house near the edge of the pond. Her husband had died several years before, and she now earned a living by taking boarders in the summer. The house was beautifully located on the road that skirted the pond, and the little place was about half a mile from the village and a mile from Tin Horn. There was a garden in front of the house, and behind it a well with an old-fashioned well-sweep. It was said that the house, the little barn, and the garden made all the property the widow had in the world, and taking boarders was her only means of support.

The committee found Mrs. Lawson busy in the attic, cleaning some old clothes with naphtha. She came down to them and even went to the barn and found three old brooms, which she said had been very good brooms when they were new. The committee took the brooms and said they were much obliged and would do as much for her some day.

"Mebby you will," she said. "Folks have been beholden to children before now. I hope none of you 'll get drowned. Skating on the ice is dangerous—particularly in warm weather."

"It is cold enough now," said the chairman of the committee.

"So the folks were saying, and I noticed my well is nearly frozen up," was the reply. "I suppose there 's not a drop of water for a mile, and the river frozen and the pond covered with ice. It 's scurcely weather for ducks, I 'm sure."

The widow always did like to talk, and the committee bowed themselves out as politely and quickly as they could. As they crossed the road to go to the pond, whom should they meet but Teddy O'Brien on his way to his home at Tin Horn.

"There 's one of the little wretches who put sand on the ice," cried the chairman of the committee. "Let us tumble him into the snow."

They were three to one. Poor little Teddy was all alone, and he had a pound of butter in one hand and a package of tea in the other. He dropped his bundles and tried to make a brave fight for it, but they soon rolled him in the snow and ran off, laughing heartily at his tears. All the boys and girls saw what was done, and when the committee arrived some laughed, but others said it was a very mean thing to do, and that Teddy would go home and tell the mill boys, and they would take his

part and be sure to do something far worse than putting sand on the ice.

Three of the big boys took the brooms, and in a very short time the sand was swept away, and then the fun began. Teddy O'Brien was forgotten in the sport, and time flew away more quickly than they knew. Perhaps an hour had passed when one of the little boys who had broken his skate strap, and was sitting on the bank trying to mend it, saw a great number of boys creeping quietly along the road beyond the Widow Lawson's house. They were Tin Horn boys. When they reached the edge of the pond, they all began to pick up the snow and to make snowballs. What did it mean? What was going to happen? Were these enemies preparing for a snowball fight? Every one seemed to discover them, at the same time, and the next moment the boys began to gather around the President of the Boat Club, and some of the girls sat down on the bank and began to take off their skates.

"The committee on brooms," said the president, "has involved us in a nice little difficulty. Every boy at the mills has come over to avenge the wrongs of Teddy O'Brien."

One fellow, who had lost three fingers in a hay-cutter, suggested that it would be well to go home.

"No, *sir!*" exclaimed the others, adding: "We must stay and fight it out. If we run away, they will chase us and get the better of us. The thing for us to do is to take off our skates, and make a lot of snowballs."

"Would n't it be better to make a fort?"

"No," said the President. "There is no time. The best way is to form a line, and go at 'em as fast as we can. Unless we drive them off they will drive us off, and smash the windows of the clubhouse afterwards."

The President was made Captain on the spot, and he at once gave his orders for the fight. The little boys must go home with the girls, and call every fellow in the village to come out and drive the Tin Horn boys back. Some of the girls wished to stay and see the fight, and care for the wounded, and every boy declared he was not a little fellow, and would not go home with the girls, anyhow.

While this was going on, there came a loud yell from the enemy, and they were seen advancing from the shore in a long line over the ice. The fight was about to begin, and for a moment there was some confusion. Every one was making snowballs as rapidly as possible, and the Captain rushed about giving his orders. Suddenly, there were several shots fired by the enemy. Little Tilda Simpkins had her hat knocked off, and she began to cry loudly. There was some lively dodging

among the younger boys. Captain Carter stood up bravely, and received a ball flat on the nose. He never shed a tear, but squeezed a ball till it became quite icy.

"Stand steady, men! Save your shots till you see the whites of their —"

A particularly icy ball whizzed past his ear and made it sing.

"Form a line, fellows — form a line. Steady in the ranks. Steady!"

They formed as strong a line as possible and advanced boldly, while all the girls ran away as fast as they could, to report the dreadful news in the village, and to carry Tilda Simpkins home to her mother.

"Forward!" cried Captain Carter. "Forward, all together!"

The charge was magnificent, and the mill boys, who expected to take the skaters by surprise, were for a moment demoralized. There were skirmishers thrown out in front, and there was a good volley from the entire army. It was too much for them and they broke and ran, followed by the villagers, shouting and firing as fast as possible. Reaching the banks of the pond, the enemy made a stand. They had lots of spare balls stored up, and with these they made a fierce fight. The balls flew thick and fast. Many a poor fellow had a sore nose and cold fingers.

It was no use. The mill boys were two to one against the villagers. Captain Carter managed to keep his line well formed, but it was too short. The enemy began to flank him on both sides and the fellows at the ends were getting badly punished. Two had fallen out with a cut lip or sore hands. The fight waged hotter and hotter. Hot shots were plentiful, which was remarkable considering the snow was so cold. The Tin Horn boys fought savagely. They were bound to avenge Teddy O'Brien and his lost butter and tea.

Slowly they began to press their enemy across the pond. The shots flew faster and faster. There were shouts, and perhaps cries of pain, but no one minded how badly he was wounded, and all flung the snowballs as fast as possible. The Tin Horn line of battle was splendidly managed, and just as Captain Carter had retired to the boathouse to care for his wounds, Micky O'Toole, the Tin Horn General, succeeded in breaking the villagers' line in the center. They were outnumbered, and greatly demoralized by the loss of their leader, and they were on the point of breaking up in confusion, when there came a terrible cry, half a scream, half a shout of alarm.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Mercy on us! Can't ye stop your play to hear me? My naphtha can fell over and set the roof

on fire. Can't ye run and call the men-folks before my best things all burn up?"

"What's the matter, mum?" said General Micky O'Toole.

"Mercy on us. Can't ye see my house is all a-fire! Can't ye call the men-folks to bring the engine!"

Yes, the widow's house was on fire. Already a little wreath of smoke was issuing through the roof. In an instant, the two armies were running, friend and foe together, toward the burning house. They had forgotten their battle in the presence of real danger and greater disaster. Captain Carter forgot his bruised chin, and started to follow the boys running to the fire.

"Will nobody call the men-folks?" cried the poor widow, as Captain Carter ran past her.

"T would be of no use, ma'am," he replied. "There's not a drop of water to be had anywhere."

"Call the men-folks! Call the men-folks. I'm only a poor lone woman, and all my best things are burning in the garret."

Captain James Carter wished to go to the fire. The poor woman appealed to him to go to the village for the engine. Here was a good fight within himself, between duty and selfishness.

"I must run to town for the men," he cried, and was off in a moment.

The village boys and the mill boys reached the burning house together, and stood perplexed and alarmed. One corner of the roof was smoking at every shingle. There were tiny tongues of fire along the eaves. What could they do? The pond was frozen, the well-sweep stiff with ice.

"Let us bring out the furniture," cried the chairman of the committee on brooms.

There was a rush toward the burning house, but just then General Micky O'Toole sprang on the top of the fence and cried out:

"Hold on, fellows! Ye may get killed entirely if ye go inside. Let's snowball the roof! That'll put the fire out."

And he quickly made a soft snowball and sent it flying toward the house. It lodged on the roof and rolled down through the smoke into the eaves-trough, and upon a tiny flame which sputtered and went out.

"Hurrah! That's the idea! Snowball the fire!" In an instant, a dozen snowballs went flying through the air. Each sent up a white puff of steam as it struck the roof. Every boy was a fighter again, and took good aim at the sparkling flames along the eaves.

The snow was deep and soft just there — just right for making snowballs. They rose by dozens and scores, and fell like big white rain on the roof. The fighters stood on every side and put in the

shots from every direction, every man of them a hero in a good fight.

At first, it did not seem to do much good. The smoke increased rapidly, and though every shot told, the fire seemed to increase. Faster and faster flew the balls. Hurrah! The men were beginning to arrive from every direction. They saw the idea at once, and every one went to work throwing snowballs at the blazing roof. Suddenly the engine arrived, but it stopped at the gate, and

nearly burned through, but still standing. The house had been saved by snowballs.

The Widow Lawson said "she was tired out with shaking hands" with everybody, and she thanked General Michael O'Toole again and again for suggesting such a cute idea, and President James Carter for calling the engine when it was n't wanted. "He meant well, James did, but he was a little too late," she said; but she thanked him, all the same.



FIGHTING THE FIRE WITH SNOWBALLS.

every man and boy left the ropes and joined in the great snowball fight.

Ah! The smoke is going down. The snow cannonade is too much for the fire. It hissed and sputtered, and at last went out, while white clouds of steam took the place of the brown smoke. The wind blew the steam away and there was the roof,

They called it a drawn battle, and ever afterward the Tin Horn boys and the village boys were good friends. It was soon known, of course, that it was the wind that blew the sand on the ice. Peace was better than war, and every one of the combatants had proved himself a hero in the great snowball fight.

## AN ERRAND.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

## I.

"PUT on your hat, my boy, and go  
And make your prettiest bow, and say  
That your Mamma would like to know  
How old Mrs. Weatherly is to-day."

## II.

"Well, how do you do, Ma'am?—  
I'm glad to see *you*, Ma'am."  
—Johnny bowed in his finest style,  
And smiled his very politest smile.—  
"My mother sent me over to say,  
How old are you, if you please, to-day?"

## SAVAGE AND COWARDLY.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

It would be difficult to imagine a more vicious brute than the wolf. It is so bloodthirsty that when one of its fellows is disabled by wounds or illness, it will fall upon the helpless animal and tear it in pieces. On the other hand, it is so cowardly that when it is captured it is so stupefied by fear that it makes no effort to defend itself.

The wolf is a native of every portion of the globe, from the hot tropics to the freezing polar regions, and everywhere he is dreaded by both man and beast. When hungry, and they are seldom otherwise, wolves collect together, and set out in a band, ready to devour the first hapless creature that comes along. They are not so very swift, but they seem absolutely tireless, and keep on the trail of a flying animal with a long, slouching gallop that never varies, and that in the end is sure to wear out the fleetest of runners. The horse and even the swifter deer sometimes fall victims to the wolf. Nor is it only by sheer dogged pursuit that the wolf secures its prey. When a hungry pack comes upon a fit victim, the fleetest two or three set off in direct pursuit, while the others, as if by preconcerted agreement, fall off to the right and left, ready to prevent escape should the pursued animal seek to turn. They have even been known to adopt a finer strategy than this.

A credible story is told by a gentleman who had gone out to hunt roebuck, of a scene he witnessed which displayed well-considered planning by two wolves. He had taken up his station near a trail

where he was quite certain the deer would pass, and was waiting patiently, when a wolf with hanging tongue rushed across the trail, and was hidden in the brush before the startled hunter could make up his mind to shoot at it.

In another moment, from the opposite direction, a roebuck, with a magnificent bound, cleared a large fallen tree, and with expanded nostrils and head outstretched, was making straight past the brush into which the wolf had disappeared.

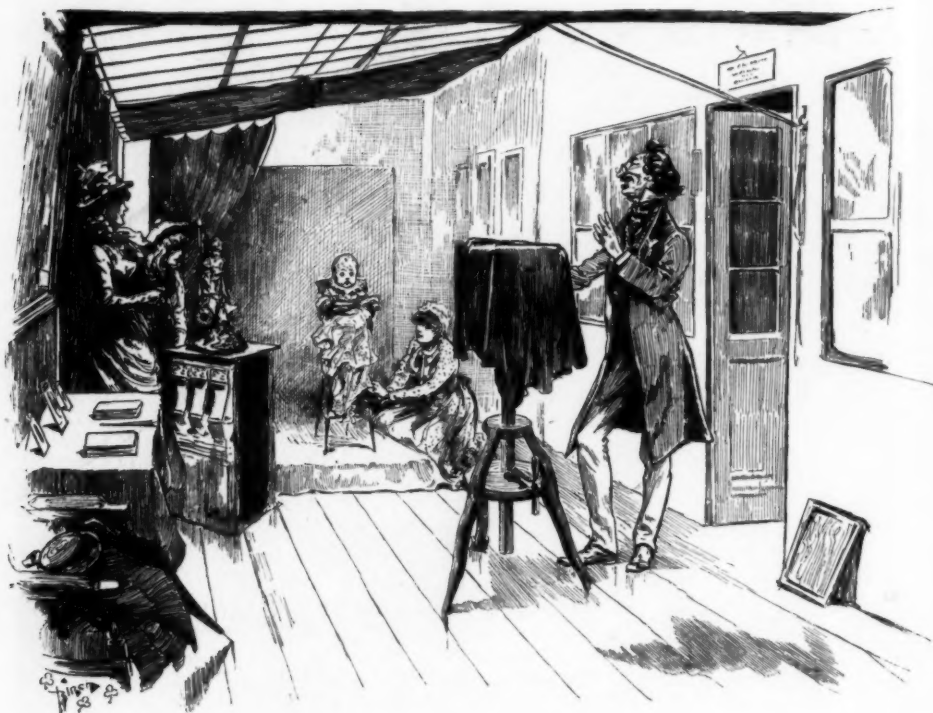
The rifle was leveled, when the hunter's quick eye saw a pursuing wolf scrambling over a tree not far behind the deer. With a speed that would have left the wolf behind in a few minutes, the roebuck dashed onward. It rose to clear the brush; it fell back dying. The first wolf had been lying in wait there, and at the right moment had leaped at the flying deer, and caught it by the throat. However, the triumph of the wolves was short. The sportsman's repeating-rifle put them beyond the need of roebuck.

In this country we have the prairie wolf, the coyote, and the black wolf, the last-named being the largest and most dangerous. In former days, wolves were common in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but they were so dangerous to lonely travelers that fierce war was made upon them, and they were exterminated. In other parts of Europe, however, they are still to be found, and many frightful tales come now from eastern Europe, of the savage doings of the hungry creatures.





THE WOLVES AND THE ROEBUCK.



## TAKING BABY'S PICTURE.

By A. W. N.

*Photographer:*

"CARDS? Four dollars. Six for this size.  
 These will please you best, I think.  
 I'll be ready in a moment,  
 And we'll take him, in a wink.  
 Bring in baby. Will you hold him  
 Sitting in your lap, and—No?  
 Ah! I see!—Then we'll arrange him  
 In this little high chair.—So!  
 There, that's easy.—'Heigho, baby,  
 Going to take a little ride?  
 Want to see the pretty birdy?'  
 (When I'm ready step one side.)"

*Mamma:*

"Now, my Bessie, do not whisper;  
 We must still as statues be.  
 If we speak, the baby'll surely  
 Turn his head and look at me."

*Photographer:*

("Now, good Nurse, please raise him up  
 A little—there!) 'Hear birdy sing?'  
 (Little more!)—'Where is the birdy?'  
 (That's right.)—'What shall Nursey bring?'  
 (Try to close his mouth.)—'Come, birdy!'  
 (Now his head is up too high,—  
 Easy,—there!) 'Chirp, chirp,—hear birdy?'  
 Baby see bird by an' by?  
 (That's right—keep him so!)—'Good baby,'—  
 (Steady!)—'Baby would n't cry!'—  
 (Now then!)—'LOOK! SEE! HERE'S THE  
 BIRDY!'  
 —Caught him, first time, 'on the fly'!"

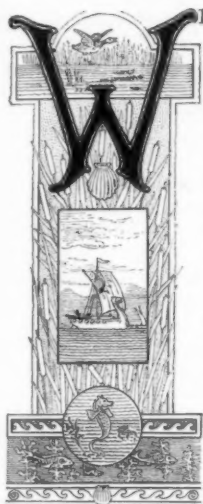
"Yes, it's good. I know you'll like it.  
 I'll have proofs without delay.  
 Can't be better. Finished?—Friday.  
 Very much obliged. Good day!"

## PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## VI.

## IN FLORENCE AND VENICE.



WE left ourselves in Capri, as you will remember, not knowing how long we should have to stay there. But I am happy to say that, after having been detained there two days, during which we scattered ourselves over the whole island, and made up our minds that it was a place where we could spend a summer vacation with perfect satisfaction, the steamboat came and we sailed away.

And now we are in Florence, having come by railway from Naples, stopping over night in Rome. As I have said before, each prominent Italian city is as different from all the others as if it belonged to another country; and, in fact, at one time or another they each did belong to a different country.

We can not walk in the narrow streets by the tall palaces, and in the great open squares of Florence, called by the Italians *La Bella*, because it is so beautiful, without being reminded at every step of by-gone times; and yet there is nothing ancient about Florence. It is preëminently a city of the Middle Ages, and with the exception of the dress of its citizens, it looks almost as mediæval to-day as it did in the time of Dante and Michael Angelo. The Romans were here, of course, but they left few or no ruins behind them, and in our rambles through Florence we shall never think of the ancient Romans. This, I know, will be a comfort to some of us. It was in the Middle Ages that Florence raised itself up so that the whole world might see it, and it was not only political power or commercial greatness that then was seen, but a city of poets and architects, of men of learning, and of thought. One of the charms of Florence now, will be that we can see it just as it was at the time of its greatest glory. The lofty, fortified palaces appear in as good order as when they were

first built; some of them are still inhabited by the descendants of the princes and nobles who built them. In the walls of these palaces are the same iron rings to which the knights and cavaliers used to tie their horses, and here, too, are the iron sockets in which torches were thrust to light up the street about the palace doors. These things are sound and strong, and would be perfectly fit for use to-day if people still tied their horses to rings in the sides of houses, or thrust torches into iron sockets. It is a peculiarity of the city that nearly everything, no matter how long ago it was made or built, is in good condition. Florence has been well kept, and if the painters, and poets, the architects, the sculptors, and philosophers of former days could return to it, they would probably feel very much at home. Giotto could look up at the beautiful *campanile*, or bell-tower,\* that he built, and find it just as he had left it; and if he had forgotten what he meant by the groups and symbols which he put upon it, he could step into the adjoining street and buy a book by Mr. Ruskin, the English art critic, which would tell him all about it. Dante could sit on the same stone (if somebody would take it out of a wall for him) on which he used to rest and watch the building of the great *duomo*, or cathedral. This stone, now called the *Sasso di Dante*, was placed, after the poet's death, in the wall of a house near the spot where it used to lie, and there it is now, with an inscription on it. Farther on, the two architects who built the cathedral would find statues of themselves, one looking up at the dome, because he made that; and the other at the body of the building, because that was his work. The great, round baptistery, near by, would look very familiar, with its beautiful bronze doors on which are twelve exquisite bass-reliefs representing Scripture scenes. And if these returned Florentines were to go inside, they would probably see some babies baptized in very much the same way in which it used to be done in the Middle Ages. On the opposite side of the street they would still find the *bigallo*, a very pretty little building, in the open porch of which babies were put on exhibition at certain periods, so that any one who wished to adopt a child could come there and see if any one of those on view would suit. It was, in fact, a sort of baby market. The place is now an orphan asylum, but I believe the babies are not set out for adoption. In a small street, not far from the

\* An engraving of this bell-tower was printed in *St. NICHOLAS* for July, 1881.

cathedral, Dante would find his old house still standing; and Michael Angelo could go into his house and find, in the room which he used as his study, a lot of unfinished pencil-drawings just as he left them.

In the principal *piazza*, or square, of the city would still be seen standing the great Palazzo Vecchio, which is a town hall now, just as it used to be; and near by still stands the vast open portico adorned with statuary, in which the nobles and the magistrates once gathered to view public spectacles or meetings in the open square. But Savonarola, the famous monk and patriot of Florence, could not see the spot in this square where he was burned at the stake. This place has been covered by a handsome fountain. Here, in the vast Uffizzi Palace, the Duke de Medici, Cosmo III., would find that now-celebrated statue of Venus which he brought to Florence in the sixteenth century. It was an ancient statue then, but its great fame has come to it since, and it still is known as the Venus di Medici and not by the name of its sculptor—Cleomenes, the Greek, the son of Apollodorus.

What a grand collection of pictures and sculptures, with the most of which they would be very familiar, would the returned Florentines of the Middle Ages find in the long galleries of the Uffizzi Palace, and in those of the Pitti Palace on the other side of the river Arno, which runs through the city! These two palaces are united by a covered gallery, which forms the upper story of a very old bridge called the Ponte Vecchio, which is a curious and interesting structure. Each side is lined with little shops which, ever since the year 1593, have been occupied by goldsmiths and jewelers. The shops are still there, and if the old-time goldsmiths were to come back, they would have no difficulty in finding their old places of business.

The Pitti Palace is a very grand building, with a front as long as a New-York block from avenue to avenue. The massive stones of which it is built, some of them twenty feet long, are rough and unhewn, and the whole building has a very massive and imposing appearance. This and the Uffizzi Palace together contain one of the most valuable and extensive collections of pictures in the world. Even the covered way over the bridge has its walls hung with pictures. Here we shall wander from hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, and look upon many of those great works of art, of which we have so often seen engravings, or which we have read and heard about.

The Bargello is a large and old stone palace, once the residence of the *Podesta*, or chief magistrate of the town. It is now a museum filled with all

sorts of curious things, generally relating to old Florence, such as arms, costumes, etc. There are also here a great many statues and other works of art. One of these is that fine figure of Mercury, casts of which we all have seen. It stands tip-toe on one foot, and is winged on head and heels.

The palaces of Florence were built for fortresses as well as for residences, and they still stand, tall, massive, and gray, looking down upon the narrow streets of the city. On the corners of some of these we shall see great lamps surrounded by the intricate and beautiful iron-work, for which the artist blacksmiths of the Middle Ages were famous.

It will soon become evident to those of us who have not remembered the fact, that the Medici family were once very prominent citizens of Florence. There are Medici statues in the public places; the Medici palaces indicate the power and wealth of the family; and in the church of San Lorenzo, besides some grand sculptured tombs by Michael Angelo, we shall see the Chapel of the Princes, an immense hall, built by the Medici family as a place in which to bury their dead, at a cost of over four millions of dollars. The octagonal walls of the room, which is very high and covered by a dome, are composed of the most costly marbles and valuable stones, while upon lofty pedestals around the room are the granite sarcophagi of six of the Medici princes, gorgeously adorned with emeralds, rubies, and other precious gems.

If we happen to be in Florence on Ascension Day, we shall see a great many people in the streets who offer for sale little wooden cages, two or three inches square, which are used in a very peculiar way. Each person who wants to know what his or her fortune is to be during the ensuing year, buys one of these cages, and into it is put a cricket, great numbers of which are caught on that day by children, and even men and women, in the fields and roads outside of the town. Each cricket is kept in its cage without food, and if it grows thin enough to get out between the little bars, and escapes, then its owner expects good luck during all the year; but if the cricket's constitution can not withstand privation, and it dies in the cage before it is thin enough to get out, then the person who imprisoned it must expect misfortune. Many travelers buy some of these curious little cages as mementos; but if we do not wish to be troubled by Mr. Bergh, or our own consciences, we shall not go into the cricket fortune-telling business.

The suburbs of Florence are very beautiful, and from some points in them we have charming views of the city, and the valley in which it lies, the river, and the mountains all about. To the north, on an eminence, is the very ancient and



picturesque town of Fiesole, with remains of great walls, which were built by the Etruscans before Romulus and Remus were ever heard of.

—  
OING on with our journey, the next place we shall visit is Venice, the

"City in the Sea." This lies, as we all know, in a shallow part of the Adriatic, and is built upon three large islands, and one hundred and fourteen smaller islands. Instead of streets it has one hundred and fifty canals. The railway on which we arrive crosses a bridge more than two miles long; the wide stretch of water lying between the city and the mainland; and when we go out of the station, instead of finding carriages and cabs in waiting for us, we see the famous long black boats of Venice called gondolas. There is not a horse, a cab, or a carriage of any kind in all the city. The people go about in gondolas or other kinds of boats, or walk in the alleys, streets, and squares, which are found all over the city. If any one wishes to cross a canal, he can do it by that one of the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges that happens to be most convenient.

The Grand Canal, nearly two miles long, and as broad as a small river, winds through the city. At one end of it is the railway station, and at the other the hotel to which we are going. When we are all ready—four of us, with our baggage, in each gondola—the two gondoliers, one standing at the stern and the other at the bow, push on their long oars and send us skimming over the water. We shall not make the whole tour of the Grand Canal, but soon leaving it, we glide into one of the side canals, and thread our way swiftly along, between tall houses rising right out of the water, under bridges, around corners, past churches, and open squares filled with busy people—grazing, but never touching, other gondolas going in the opposite direction, until we shoot out into the lower part of the Grand Canal, near its junction with the lagoon, or bay, in which Venice lies. Tall palaces, with their fronts beautifully ornamented, now stand upon our left, and on the opposite bank is a great domed church with beautiful carvings and sculptures, which seems to rise, bal-

loon-like, out of the water. In the open lagoon is a large island with a tall church-spire. Far away are other islands, purple in the distance; vessels sail about with brightly colored sails, often red or orange; gondolas shoot here, there, and everywhere; and a little farther down, large ships and steamers lie at anchor. Our gondolas skim around with a sweep, and stop at the steps of the hotel, which come down into the water.

There are few things about Venice that will be more directly interesting to us than the gondolas, which constitute a peculiar and delightful feature of the city. If ordinary rowboats were substituted for gondolas, Venice would lose one of its greatest charms. These boats, which are truly Venetian, and are used nowhere else but here, are very long, narrow, and light. The passengers, of whom there are seldom more than four, sit on softly cushioned seats in the middle of the boat, and the portion occupied by them is generally covered in cold or rainy weather by a little cabin, something like a carriage-top, with windows at the sides and a door in front. In hot weather, when the sun shines, this cabin-top is taken off, and its place supplied by a light awning. Very often, however, neither is needed, and at such times the gondola is most enjoyable. At the bow of every gondola rises a high steel affair, brightly polished, which looks like an old-fashioned halberd or sword-ax; these are placed here principally because it has always been the fashion to have them, and they are also useful in going under bridges; if the *ferro*, as this handsome steel prow is called, can go under a bridge without touching, the rest of the gondola will do so also. There is but one color for a gondola, and that is black; this, especially when the black cabin is on, gives it a very somber appearance. Many people, indeed, liken them to floating hearses, with their black cords, tassels, and cushions. But when their white or bright colored awnings are up, or when they have neither canopy nor awning, their appearance is quite cheerful. There is nothing funereal, however, about the gondoliers, of whom there is generally one to each gondola. It is only when the boat is heavily loaded, or when great speed or style is desired, that there are two of them. The gondolier stands in the stern, as we have so often seen him in pictures, and rests his oar on a crocheted projection at the side of the boat; he leans forward, throwing his weight upon his oar, and thus sends his light craft skimming over the water. As he sways forward and back, sometimes, apparently on one foot only, it seems as if he were in danger of tumbling off the narrow end of the boat; but he never does.—Trust him for that. The dexterity with which he steers his craft, always with his oar





A SCENE IN VENICE.

on one side, is astonishing. He shoots around corners, giving, as he does so, a very peculiar shout to tell other gondoliers that he is coming; in narrow places he glides by the other boats, or close up to houses, without ever touching anything; and when he has a straight course, he pushes on and on, and never seems to be tired. Gondoliers in the service of private families, and some of those whose boats are for hire, dress in very pretty costumes of white or light-colored sailor clothes, with a broad collar and a red or blue sash; these, with a straw hat and long floating ribbons, give the gondolier a very gay appearance which counterbalances in a measure the somberness of his boat.

The reason that the gondolas are always black is this: In the early days of Venice the rich people were very extravagant, and each one of them tried to look finer than any one else; among their other rivalries, they decked out their gondolas in a very gorgeous fashion. In order to check this absurd display, there was a law passed in the fifteenth century decreeing that every gondola, no matter whether it belonged to a rich man or a poor one, should be entirely black. And since that time every gondola has been black.

I have said a great deal in regard to gondolas because they are very important to us, and we shall spend much of our time in them. One of the best things about them is that they



DESDEMONA'S HOUSE.

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are very cheap; the fare for two persons is twenty cents for the first hour, and ten cents for each succeeding hour. If we give the gondolier a little extra change at the end of a long row, he will be very grateful.

One of our first excursions will be a trip along the whole length of the Grand Canal. As we start from the lower end, we soon pass on our right the small but beautiful palace of Cantarini-Fasan, which is said to have been the palace in which Shakespeare chose to lay the scene of Othello's courtship of Desdemona. The palaces which we

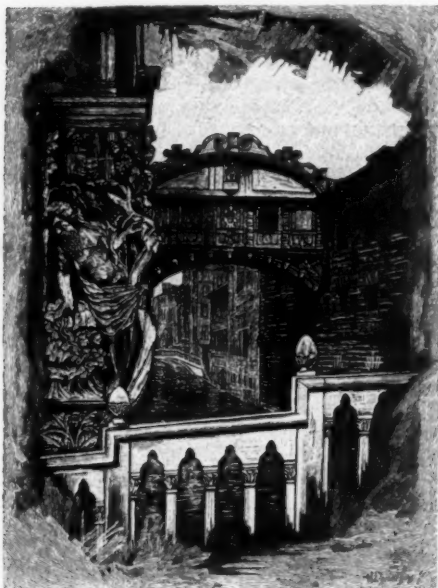
such as the Palazzo Foscari, are grand specimens of architecture. These palaces are directly at the water's edge, and at a couple of yards distance from their door-ways is a row of gayly painted posts, driven into the bottom of the canal. They are intended to protect the gondolas lying at the broad stone steps from being run into by passing craft. The posts in front of each house are of different color and design, and add very much to the gayety of the scene. Before long we come to quite a large bridge which is one of the three that cross the Grand Canal. We must stop here and land, for



THE RIALTO.

now see rising up on each side, were almost all built in the Middle Ages, and many of them look old and a little shabby, but among them are some very beautiful and peculiar specimens of architecture, their fronts being covered with artistic and graceful ornamentation; many of the windows, or rather clusters of windows, are very picturesque; and the effect of these long rows of grand old palaces, with their pillars, their carvings, and the varied colors of their fronts, is much more pleasing to us than if they were all fresh and new. One of these, the Cà d'Oro, or House of Gold, is particularly elegant; and some of the larger ones,

this is a bridge of which we all have heard, and we shall wish to walk upon it and see what it looks like. It is the Rialto, where "many a time and oft" old Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" had a disagreeable time of it. It is a queer bridge, high in the middle, with a good many steps at either end. On each side is a row of shops or covered stalls, where fruit, crockery, and small articles are sold. This is a very busy quarter of the city; on one side of the canal is the fish market, and on the other, the fruit and vegetable market. The canal here, and indeed for its whole length, is full of life; large craft move slowly along, the men on board

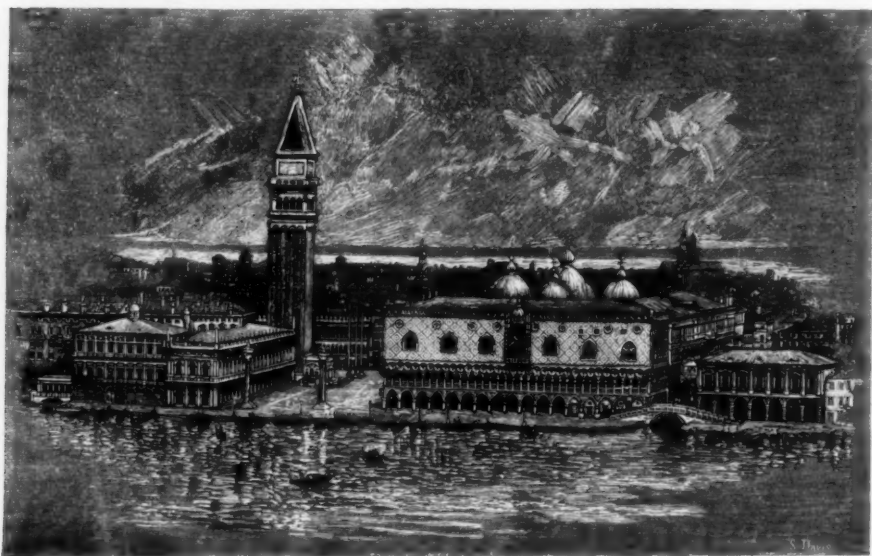


THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

generally pushing them with long poles; now and then a little passenger steamboat, not altogether suited to a city of the Middle Ages, but very quiet and unobtrusive, hurries by, crowded with people;

and look where we may, we see a man standing on the thin end of a long black boat pushing upon an oar, and shouting to another man engaged in the same pursuit.

Passing under a long modern bridge built of iron, we go on until we reach the railway bridge, where we came in, and go out upon the broad lagoon, where we look over toward the mainland and see the long line of the beautiful Tyrolean Alps. We return through a number of the smaller canals, the water of which, unfortunately, is not always very clean, but we shall not mind that, for we see so much that is novel and curious to us. In some places, there is a street on one side of the canal, with shops, but this is not common; generally we pass close to the foundations of the tall houses, and when there is an open space we can almost always see a church standing back in it. We continually pass under little bridges; at one corner we shall see as many as five, close together; these connect small streets and squares, and there are always people on them. If the day is warm we shall see plenty of Venetian boys swimming in the canals, wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers, and they care so little for our approach that we are afraid our gondolas will run over some of them. The urchins are very quick and active, however, and we might as well try to touch a fish as one of them. I once saw a Venetian girl about sixteen years old, who was sitting upon the steps of a house teaching her



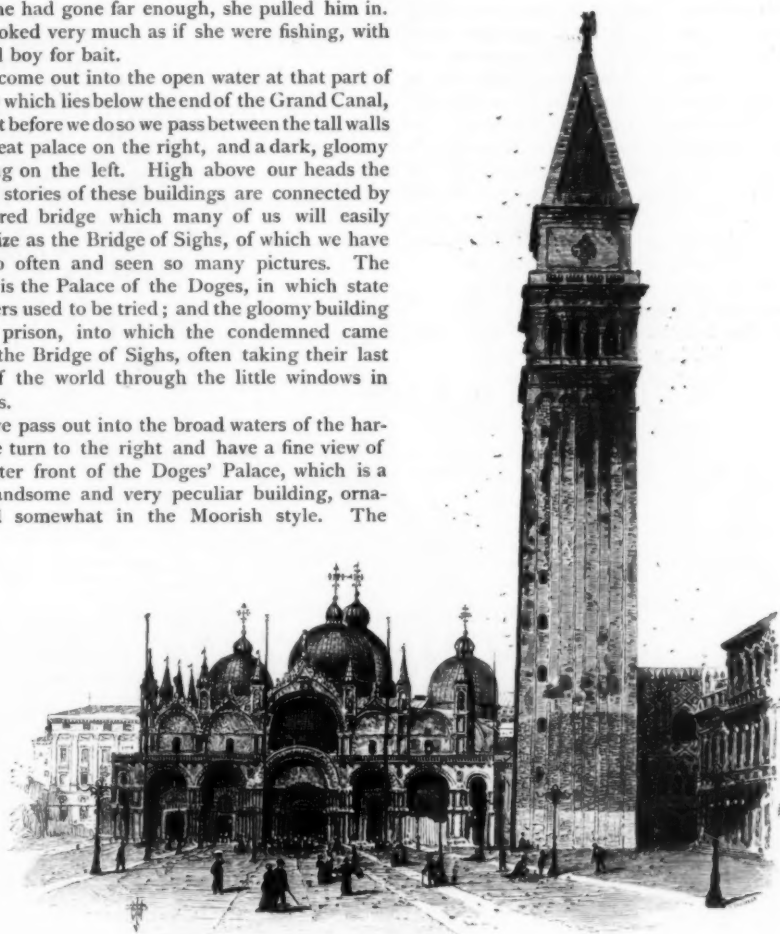
THE DOGES' PALACE.

young brother to swim. The little fellow was very small, and she had tied a cord around his waist, one end of which she held in her hand. She would let the child get into the water and paddle away as well as he could. When he seemed tired or when he had gone far enough, she pulled him in. She looked very much as if she were fishing, with a small boy for bait.

We come out into the open water at that part of Venice which lies below the end of the Grand Canal, but just before we do so we pass between the tall walls of a great palace on the right, and a dark, gloomy building on the left. High above our heads the second stories of these buildings are connected by a covered bridge which many of us will easily recognize as the Bridge of Sighs, of which we have read so often and seen so many pictures. The palace is the Palace of the Doges, in which state prisoners used to be tried; and the gloomy building is the prison, into which the condemned came across the Bridge of Sighs, often taking their last view of the world through the little windows in its sides.

As we pass out into the broad waters of the harbor, we turn to the right and have a fine view of the water front of the Doges' Palace, which is a very handsome and very peculiar building, ornamented somewhat in the Moorish style. The

and the other by a rather curious group representing a saint killing a crocodile. At the other end of this open space, which is called the Piazzetta, we see, rising high above everything else in Venice, the



ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.

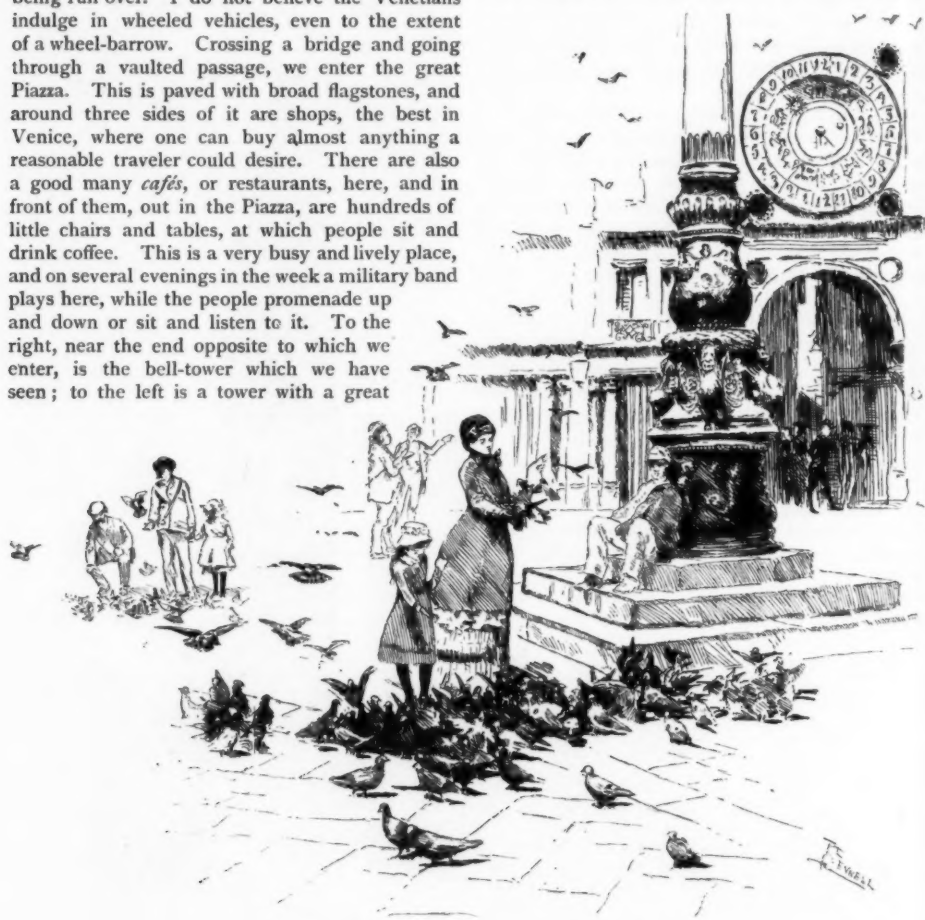
lower part of the front has a yellowish tinge, shaded off into light pink toward the top. We next pass a wide open space, reaching far back beyond the palace, and at the foot of this are long rows of steps, where great numbers of gondolas are lying crowded together waiting to be hired. Near by are two columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice,

tall *campanile*, or bell-tower. This is in the Piazza San Marco, the great central point of the city; and the next thing we shall do is to come here on foot and see what is to be seen.

When we start upon this walk, we leave our hotel by the back door, and after twisting about through narrow passages, we soon find ourselves in a quite wide and pretty street, filled with shops

and people. The pavement is very smooth and clean, being one wide foot-walk, and we can straggle about as we please, without any fear of being run over. I do not believe the Venetians indulge in wheeled vehicles, even to the extent of a wheel-barrow. Crossing a bridge and going through a vaulted passage, we enter the great Piazza. This is paved with broad flagstones, and around three sides of it are shops, the best in Venice, where one can buy almost anything a reasonable traveler could desire. There are also a good many *cafés*, or restaurants, here, and in front of them, out in the Piazza, are hundreds of little chairs and tables, at which people sit and drink coffee. This is a very busy and lively place, and on several evenings in the week a military band plays here, while the people promenade up and down or sit and listen to it. To the right, near the end opposite to which we enter, is the bell-tower which we have seen; to the left is a tower with a great

and artistic, and are bright with red, purple and gold. In front of the cathedral are three very tall flag-staffs, painted a bright red, which have been



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S.

clock in the face of it, on the top of which are two life-size iron figures, which strike the hours with hammers they hold in their hands. In front of us, stretching across the whole width of the Piazza, is the Church of St. Mark, which, at a little distance, looks more like a painted picture than an actual building. The Venetians are very fond of color, and have shown this by the way they have decorated their cathedral; the whole front seems a mass of frescoes, mosaics, windows, and ornaments. Some of the mosaics are very large

standing here over three hundred years. When we enter the cathedral, we shall find that it is different from any church that we have yet seen. It is decorated in the most magnificent and lavish style, somewhat in the gorgeous fashion of the East. The floor is covered with mosaic work, and the ceilings, walls, columns, and altars are richly adorned with gold and bronze and many-colored marbles, and some of this ornamental work is six or seven hundred years old. On every side we find unexpected and picturesque galleries, recesses with



altars, stairways, and columns, and out-of-the-way corners lighted through the stained glass of many-colored windows. There are, in all, about five hundred columns in and about this church.

In front, over the principal entrance, we see those four famous bronze horses of St. Mark's, of which you have already read in ST. NICHOLAS.\* If the Venetian children, or even grown people, do not know what a horse is like, all they have to do is to look up at these high-mettled coursers, which, although rather stiff of limb, have been great travelers, having seen Rome and Constantinople, and even visited Paris.

As we come out again into the Piazza, we shall be greatly tempted to stay here, for it is a lively place. We certainly must stop long enough to allow some of our younger companions to feed the pigeons of St. Mark, which, if they see any of us with the little paper cornucopias filled with corn, which are sold here to visitors, will come to us by the hundreds, settling on our heads and shoulders, and crowding about us like a flock of chickens. For more than six hundred years pigeons have been cared for and fed here by the people of Venice, and as these which we see are the direct descendants of the pigeons of the thirteenth century, they belong to very old families indeed.

To the right of the cathedral is the Doges' palace, and this we shall now visit. We pass under a beautiful double colonnade into a large interior court, where, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we may see numbers of Venetian girls and women coming to get water from a celebrated well or cistern here. Each girl has two bright

copper pails, in which she carries the water, and we shall find it amusing to watch them for a few minutes. There are two finely sculptured bronze cisterns in the yard, but these are not used now. We then go up a grand staircase, and ascend still higher by a stairway called the Scala d'Oro, once used only by the nobles of Venice. We now wander through the great halls and rooms where the doges once held their courts and councils. Enormous pictures decorate the walls. One of them, by Tintoretto, is said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. We shall take a look into the dreadful dungeons of which we read so much in Venetian history, and we shall cross the Bridge of Sighs, although we can not enter the prison on the other side; the doors there are closed and locked, the building still being used as a prison.

Ever so much more shall we do in Venice. We shall go in gondolas, and see the old dockyards where the ships of the Crusaders were fitted out; we shall visit the Academy of Fine Arts, where we may study some of the finest works of that most celebrated of all Venetians, the painter Titian; we shall take a steamboat to the Lido, an island out at sea where the citizens go to bathe and to breathe the sea air; we shall go out upon the broad Giudecca, a wide channel between Venice and one of its suburbs; we shall explore churches and palaces; and, above all, we shall float by daylight and by moonlight, if there happens to be a moon, over the canals, under the bridges, and between the tall and picturesque walls and palaces, which make Venice the strange and delightful city that she is.



A BIT OF VENICE.

\* ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1884, page 406.

## PANE-PICTURES.

By A. C.

DAINTY frosty paintings  
On the glass:  
Wooded slopes and forests,  
Mountain pass,  
All in snowy splendor  
Glistening white,—  
Clear across them shining  
Sunbeams bright!

We within the cities  
Cannot see  
Winter's royal landscape,  
Field and tree.  
But he paints them for us,  
Hill and plain,  
In the dainty pictures  
On the pane!

## ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

FOR several years, ST. NICHOLAS has been collecting material for a series of stories, sketches, and anecdotes, illustrating the intelligence, sagacity, devotion, and usefulness of what the great naturalist Cuvier calls "the completest, the most singular, and the most useful conquest ever made by man"—the domestic dog. For ages the dog has been the friend and helper of man. Thousands of years ago the hound, the greyhound, and the watchdog were kept in Egyptian homes. More than this, the dog was worshiped, under the name of Anubis, as the god of the Nile, and the city of Cynopolis was built in its honor. The fifty war-dogs of Corinth saved that famous Grecian city by detecting and defeating a night attack, though every dog died in the fight. The splendid Molossian dogs of Alexander the Great would fight only with lions. The plucky little spaniel of William the Silent, saved the life of that great prince from his foes. The dogs of St. Malo were the only garrison of that beleaguered city. And many other incidents could be related, telling of the watchfulness, self-denial, and heroism of this faithful animal, which a poet has well called,

"The joy, the solace, and the aid of man."

The world's literature is full of testimonials to the devotion and sagacity of the dog. Boys and girls would find Robinson Crusoe almost as uninteresting without his dog as without his man Friday, and they could better spare some of the adventurous doings of the Swiss Family Robinson, than the faithful Turk and Juno, who were at once the protectors, the hunters, and the packhorses of that now classic family. And many a boy and girl,

indeed, might be drawn to the reading of the great authors did they but know of the prominent and delightful part that the dog plays in literature. There is Argus, the hound of Ulysses, of whom Homer writes, who knew his master after twenty years of separation; there are the dogs that Shakspeare speaks of in many of his plays; while the pages of Scott fairly echo with the barkings and bayings of the dogs—Fangs in "Ivanhoe" and Roswal in "The Talisman," Bevis in "Woodstock" and Juno in "The Antiquary," Wasp and Yarrow and Plato and Hobbie in "Guy Rannering," brave Lufra in the "Lady of the Lake,"

"Whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide;  
The fleetest hound in all the North,"—

these and many more give interest and excitement to the stories of this foremost lover of the dog. And who would wish to give up the dogs of Dickens: Diogenes, the pet of Florence Dombey, "a blundering, ill-favored, bullet-headed dog, with hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice"; Jip in "David Copperfield," the black-and-tan pet of Dora, the "child wife," and Bull's Eye, the faithful dog of the ruffian Bill Sykes, in that gloomiest of gloomy boy stories, "Oliver Twist." Dr. John Brown's "Rab" is the hero of that most charming of dog stories, "Rab and his Friends," and is a dog that every boy and girl should know, while Wolf, the companion and friend of poor Rip Van Winkle, "as henpecked as his master," is as much a feature in Irving's well-known story as is lazy, good-for-nothing Rip himself. And so, from that very disreputable Snarleyow, in Captain Marryat's



DR. JOHN BROWN AND "RAB."

story, to the noble Royal in Annie Keany's "Blair Castle"—a book which Mr. Ruskin says contains "the best picture of a perfect child, and of the next best thing in creation, a perfect dog"—many a book now famous in the world's literature will be found to owe much of its fame to the dog that is one of its leading characters.

But "Truth is stranger than fiction," and it is probable that each one of the dogs that become familiar to us in the works of the great story-writers, is a picture of some dog that the story-writer knew. And as you read the ST. NICHOLAS dog stories,—you will agree that the dogs of real life can be as wonderful and as interesting as the dogs of fiction, and that they are as capable of devotion, watchfulness and care-taking as was Flush, the pretty brown spaniel so dear to Mrs. Browning, and of which she wrote a well-known poem, including these stanzas:

"But of thee it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
Day and night unwearied;  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
Round the sick and dreary.

"Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hare, and followed through  
Sunny moor or meadow;  
This dog only crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

"And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
Down his dew-laps sloping—  
Which he pushed his nose within,  
After platforming his chin  
On the palm left open."

The mute loyalty of pretty little Flush has been shown by many another dog, and grat-

itude for favors is a trait often exhibited by dogs. A remarkable instance of it is given in the following sketch, with which this series opens.

# I. — GIPSEY. — THE BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

ONE day, several years ago, a gentleman, in company with a friend, was searching the dog-pound in New York, for a missing retriever. As they passed along the rows of boxes where the inmates of the canine prison were tied, they were greeted with many marks of affection by the animals that were hoping to find friends to release them. "Please take me away with you," was plainly expressed by many a pair of doggy eyes; and sometimes when the visitors paused to pat the head of a prisoner, their attentions were so warmly reciprocated that it was not easy to tear themselves away. Frequently, as they moved along the narrow space between the rows of boxes, some of the dogs they left behind were almost frantic in their despair at being abandoned to the fate awaiting them, which they seemed to realize.

The missing dog was found and rescued. While its owner was settling the terms of its release, the attention of the other gentleman was drawn to a small terrier, of the "black-and-tan" variety, that was balancing itself on the edge of the high board which formed the front of its prison cell. It was held by a cord, which prevented its jumping to the floor outside; when at the bottom of the box it was invisible, owing to the height of the front, and hence its efforts to retain a position where it could be seen. An attendant rudely pushed the dog inside the box, but it immediately climbed again to the edge of the board and mutely appealed to the stranger for his friendship. The painful attitude, and something in the face of the little terrier, awakened the gentleman's sympathy; he patted and talked to the animal for a few moments, noted the number of its prison, and then hastened away to the house of a friend whose daughter had recently expressed a wish for a pet dog. Fortunately he found the young lady at home.

"Come with me, Fanny," said he. "I have found a dog for you."

Fanny needed no second invitation, and in a few minutes they were on their way to the pound, accompanied by a servant carrying a small blanket.

At first sight of the terrier, Fanny was disappointed. The dog was thin and weak; its coat was rough and staring; its feet were all torn and raw between the toes from standing so much on the edge of the board; and there was a large scar

along its side where a wound had but recently healed. But when Fanny looked into its pleading eyes, and saw how patiently and with what suffering it maintained its place where it could be seen, and how much it longed for rescue, she decided to accept it. The gentleman paid the two dollars necessary to obtain the dog's release, and the little animal was wrapped in the blanket and carried home by the servant. On the way it barely moved its head; it seemed to have abandoned hope, and lay as if half dead in the servant's arms. A bath, good food, and the tender care which Fanny gave it, quickly restored the patient. In a few days, its feet were healed; it began to recover flesh and strength; its coat grew sleek and soft; new hair covered the ugly scar; and by the end of a fortnight it was apparently as well as it had ever been in its life. Fanny named it "Gipsey," and the two were the fastest of friends. The dog preserved a friendly though dignified demeanor toward the rest of the household, and lavished its affection upon its young mistress. It obeyed her



"GIPSEY WOULD SIT ERECT AND PATIENTLY WAIT FOR A MORSEL."

in every way, and seemed constantly to desire to please her. Toward strangers it was reserved and shunned familiarity, but if Fanny said, "Go to the lady," or "Go to the gentleman," it went without hesitation.

It was fully a month after Gipsey's rescue and establishment in this new home, when the gentleman who had accompanied Fanny to the dog-pound made his first call at her house since that event. Two or three members of the family were in the

parlor when he arrived, but Miss Fanny was in her room. In a few minutes she came to the parlor, followed by the usually shy Gipse. The latter looked a moment at the caller, and then at the first sound of his voice, rushed toward him with many doggish demonstrations of delight. The little creature sprang into his arms, licked his face, threw its fore-legs around his neck as though embracing him, and then, jumping to the floor, went dancing and running about the parlor. Around and around it went, till some of the spectators feared it had lost its senses; every little while it paused and renewed its demonstration toward the gentleman, and then around and around it went again. It did not stop again till fairly exhausted with fatigue, and for the rest of the gentleman's stay the dog sat upon his knee or lay in his lap, and gazed into his face with wonderfully expressive eyes. Its actions said as plainly as though spoken words, "I know it is to you I am indebted for this nice home and so loving a mistress, and I wish to thank you for it." And ever after during the five years of her life with Fanny, Gipse always welcomed him with the same delight, while to other visitors she was, as one might say, doggedly indifferent. The only exceptions she made were to those who had shown her some special kindness or attention, and these she never forgot. For example, while Fanny was at the seaside one summer, Gipse became separated from her on a certain afternoon and returned to the hotel. A party was about to go on a sailing excursion, and Fanny was included, but she feared to lose her dog; Doctor —, a gentleman of the party, offered to go and bring it.

"If you will go to the door of my room," said Fanny, mentioning its number, "you'll probably find Gipse there. She always runs there when she loses me, and she knows the way as well as the waiters do."

The doctor found Gipse at the door, but could not persuade her to go with him; he took her in his arms and carried her, in spite of several struggles, to the dock, where the party was waiting. Immediately on finding her mistress, Gipse seemed to comprehend the situation; she ran from Fanny to the doctor, and then from the doctor to Fanny, as though trying to say, "Excuse me, I did n't understand it; I'm so sorry I resisted; I see now that you were my friend." During the whole afternoon she divided her time between the two, and when, six or eight weeks later, the doctor called at Fanny's city residence, Gipse recognized him, and renewed her acquaintance of that day at the seaside.

In playful tricks and ways Gipse was not specially unlike other intelligent dogs, however much Fanny may have believed otherwise, but she cer-

tainly displayed unusual appreciation and gratitude. She was easily taught to do many things. While receiving instruction she looked steadily into Fanny's eyes, as though endeavoring to comprehend what was wanted, and to reason out the desired results. Her previous history was unknown. From time to time she astonished her mistress and friends by revealing a knowledge of tricks which were probably learned in her younger days. She knew how to sit erect; Fanny taught her to sit by her side at table, and her dignity and good behavior were the admiration of everybody. From time to time she would sit up, with her fore-paws drooping at right angles in front, and patiently wait for a dainty morsel. If no attention was shown her, she would speak in the softest whisper, making hardly a sound beyond that of closing her jaws; repeating this two or three times without success, she would venture upon an audible bark, but it was always as gentle as she could make it. She never went to the table without being invited, evidently recognizing it as a privilege, and not a right. She never followed her mistress into the street without invitation; though the door was left wide open, she gazed wistfully after Fanny descending the steps, but without attempting to follow. She perfectly understood the difference between "Gipse can go," and "Gipse must stay at home," but even when the former phrase was uttered, she always waited for the magic words, "Come along!"

Fanny cites several instances of the reasoning powers of the dog. Gipse slept in a willow basket which contained a soft blanket; one very hot day, in the early part of the first summer of her rescue from captivity, she found the bed uncomfortable, and after vainly trying several times to lie there, she sat down in front of the basket, apparently wondering what made it so warm. For five minutes she sat there with her head dropped in meditation; then she took the blanket in her teeth, dragged it to the floor, and lay down upon the cool willow with a sigh of satisfaction. Ever afterward on hot days she repeated the performance, and with a little instruction from Fanny she learned to drag the blanket back again if the temperature fell enough to make her old bed desirable.

She slept at night in her basket in Fanny's room, but at six o'clock in the morning was privileged to go to the side of her young mistress. As the clock struck the hour, she left the basket and went to the bedside. For a long time, Fanny was puzzled to know how Gipse knew the hour, but finally discovered that it was by a steam-whistle on a factory several blocks away. The whistle was blown at six o'clock as a signal to the workmen; but one night Gipse mistook the whis-



tle of a ferry-boat for that of the factory, and went to Fanny's side, thus revealing her method of keeping time.

Fanny sometimes reclined on a lounge and played with her pet, but when she wished to rest, she had only to say in gentle tones, "Be quiet, Gipse, and lie down; I am tired." Instantly all romping ceased and the dog settled to sleep or retired to its basket.

The old adage says "every dog has its day," and Gipse was no exception to the rule. One autumn she fell ill, lost her sight, and developed various canine disorders for which no cure could be found. With patience far beyond that of many men and women she endured her sufferings, and down to the hour when she died, the only sound she ever made was a low moan, though it was often evident that she was in great pain. Through all her illness she seemed to appreciate to its fullest extent the kindness of her young mistress, and swallowed with almost no resistance the unsavory drugs which the veterinary surgeon prescribed.

"Don't forget to say," remarks Fanny as she finishes reading the foregoing lines, "that Gipse was the most sensitive dog I ever saw or heard of, and more sensitive than most children or grown people. The slightest word of reproof wounded her so that she showed her consciousness of it for hours, and she could n't be happy till it was 'all made up.' When that was accomplished she would bark and dance about, and perhaps bring some of her playthings for a good romp. If you stepped on her foot, or otherwise hurt her by accident, you had only to say, 'Excuse me, Gipse; I did n't mean it,' and she would pretend she was n't hurt at all."

"I am sure that she knew the difference between our language and another. Sometimes the doctor would talk to her in French or German, in the same tones and with the same meaning as in English; whenever he did so, she would stand still and look at him with a puzzled expression which showed she did not understand, but the moment he went back to English, she was as demonstrative as ever, and seemed trying to ask him not to talk any more in that outlandish way."

## II.—CARLO.

BY EFFIE SQUIER.

How well we all remember Carlo! He was a dear old dog, and belonged to Mr. Rhodes, the constable of our town. He was a sharp detective, and had many a time discovered the hiding-places of thieves. Even we children used to be a little afraid of him, for if we had done anything wrong

Carlo would be sure to know all about it, and scold us for it too.

One day he saved the Mayor's little daughter from drowning, and from that day he became a hero. The citizens presented him with a gold collar for his bravery, but Carlo never showed any especial pride because of this decoration.

Carlo always made a point of attending all the fires in the town. He could mount a ladder like a fireman, and well do I recollect the last of his adventures.

It was toward evening on a holiday, and few people were in the place, as most of the citizens of the town were absent on an excursion to a neighboring lake.

I remember feeling sadly disappointed at having to miss the excursion myself. At about five o'clock the bells in the churches began to ring very loud and fast, and Carlo, who had been lazily sleeping and watching the place, started up, and with two or three expressive growls that summoned his master, ran with all speed for the fire.

There was a general shout that "Carlo was going!" and of course all the boys in the neighborhood hastened to follow.

The dog was very busy and intelligent all the time, dragging down the stairs, with great speed and care, things of every description.

As the last house was burning, the cry of a child was heard in the upper story.

Of course it was out of the question for any one to go up and expect to come back; but Carlo seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Knowing in his dog mind that the first stories were already in a blaze, he leaped up the ladder and jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back, but his master, who appeared at that moment, shouted to him to go in, and the people cheered. Whether he understood or not, he again entered the window, and when all hope of his return had been given up, a boyish shout announced his arrival. He was terribly burned, and fell before he reached the ground; still holding with wonderful firmness a little babe.

The child did not prove to be greatly harmed; but poor Carlo's injuries were fatal. The brave dog received every care, but he died the next day. He was buried in a pretty spot in the cemetery, and over his grave a little white stone was placed with this inscription:

"HERE LIES CARLO THE WISE.  
A DOG WHO SHOWED ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE  
AND SKILL IN THE FIRE OF 1875."

## III.—BOB.

CARLO was not the only "fire" dog, for a London paper tells of Bob, the fireman's dog, at the

Southwark Fire-brigade station in London. Whenever the fire-bell rings, Bob is in a great hurry to be off. He runs before the engine to clear the way and, arrived at the fire, no one is more ready than he to obey orders. He will run up ladders, jump through windows and enter blazing rooms



more quickly than any of the firemen. One day a house was on fire in Duke street. The flames were spreading rapidly, and threatened soon to bring the building to the ground. Bob darted into the burning house, and in a few moments was seen coming out with — what do you think? — a poor cat, in his mouth! He carried pussy very carefully, and gently dropped her in a place of safety.

On another occasion a house in Westminster Road was on fire, and Bob was there, as usual. The firemen thought that all the inmates were out of the house. Bob, however, knew better. He kept barking and scratching at a small door. The firemen ordered Bob to "hold his noise, and get away." Although usually a very obedient dog, Bob barked more loudly than ever, and seemed almost to say, "Be quick—do open this door!" The firemen were afraid that if this door was opened, it might make the fire burn more rapidly, but as Bob was so very boisterous, one of the firemen said: "There's some reason why Bob makes this ado—let's break open the door!" The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child, who, but for Bob, might have been burned to death!

Bob has been presented with a collar, on which is the inscription:—

"Stop me not,  
But onward let me jog.  
For I am Bob,  
The London Fireman's Dog."

#### IV.—THE HONEST DOG OF FERENTINO.

A TRAVELER in Italy relates the following anecdote: "A few years since I was sitting inside the door of a shop, to escape from the rain while waiting for a trap to take me to the railway station in the old Etruscan city of Ferentino. Presently an ill-bred dog of the pointer kind came and sat down in front of me, looking up in my face and wagging his tail to attract my attention.

"What does that dog want?' I asked of a bystander.

"*Signore,*' he answered, 'he wants you to give him a *soldo*, that he may buy you a cigar with it.'

"I gave the dog the coin, and he presently returned, bringing a cigar, which he held crosswise in his mouth until I took it from him. Sent again and again, he brought me three or four more cigars from the tobacco-shop. At length the dog's demeanor changed, and he gave vent to his impatience by two or three low whines.

"What does he want now?' I asked.

"He wants you to give him two *soldi* to go to the baker's, and buy bread for himself.'

"I gave him a two-soldo piece, and in a few minutes the dog returned with a small loaf of bread, which he laid at my feet, at the same time gazing wistfully in my face.

"He'll not take it until you give him leave,' said another bystander.

"I gave the permission, and the clever animal seized the loaf in his mouth and disappeared with it, and did not again make his appearance while I was in the city.

"He always does that,' said the bystanders, 'whenever he sees a stranger in Ferentino.'

#### V.—MR. IRVING'S COLLIE.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph, some time since, stated that Baroness Burdett-Coutts was usually accompanied by a beautiful collie dog, which was a gift from Mr. Henry Irving, the English tragedian, and which had a history. The actor was one day driving over the Braemar moors, when he lost his Skye terrier, which had been trotting along behind his trap. He stepped down to look for it, directing the driver to go on with the trap. On the moor he met a shepherd with a collie; and the man, when told of the actor's loss, offered to find the terrier. At a word from him the collie darted off, and after an absence of ten minutes returned. "Where is he?" asked the shepherd, and the dog, lifting one paw, pointed in the direction of the road. "He has gone after the trap," the shepherd said, and Mr. Irving, marveling, and, in truth, incredulous, returned to the road, and, coming up with the trap, found his little favorite awaiting his arrival. He

bought the collie at the moderate price of fifteen guineas, and on his return to town presented it to the Baroness.

#### VI.—WHY MAJOR WENT TO CHURCH.

BY LIZZIE HATCH.

I ONCE visited a pleasant country-house, the owner of which had a powerful and sagacious dog called Major. This dog was highly prized by his master and by the people of the neighborhood. He had saved many lives. Once when a swing-rope became entangled around the neck of a little girl, Major held her up until help came.

One day the butcher brought in his bill for Major's provisions. Major's master thought it altogether too large, and shaking the paper angrily at the dog, he said:

"See here, old fellow, you never ate all that meat,—did you?"

The dog looked hard at the bill, shook himself all over, regarded the butcher with contempt, and then went back to his rug, where he stretched himself out with a low growl of dissatisfaction.

The next Sunday, just as service began at the village church, into my friend's pew vaulted Major; he had never before been to church.

Our hostess started in affright. "Something must have happened to the children," she said.

"No," said her husband, "the dog would tell us if that were so."

The Major kept perfectly quiet until we all arose for prayer; then he sprang upon the seat, stood on his hind-legs, placed his fore-paws upon the front of the pew behind, and stared gravely and reproachfully into the face of the butcher, who looked very much confused, and turned first red and then pale. The whole congregation smiled and tittered. Major's master at once took the dog home. But the butcher was more considerate in his charges from that time. Evidently he felt mortified and conscience-stricken.

#### VII.—A MONEYED DOG.

A FEW summers ago, according to a daily paper, the attention bestowed by a California lady upon her pet dog formed a constant topic of conversation at a well-known summer resort. The lady was often to be seen promenading upon the piazza of her hotel in company with a beautiful little black-and-tan dog. The small creature was said to have cost four hundred dollars. During the summer the lady ordered ear-rings and a gold collar for the dog. The ear-rings were declared to be worth two thousand dollars, and the collar, which was studded with emeralds and pearls, was valued at

even a greater price. A servant was provided to feed the dog and to attend it when its mistress did not have it in charge.

#### VIII.—DOGS AS NEWSPAPER-CARRIERS.

A CONNECTICUT journal, in speaking of the sagacity of dogs, says that it is a very common thing on all the Connecticut railroad lines for accommodating train men to throw newspapers off the train at or near the houses of subscribers who live on the line of the road but at a distance from the stations. In many instances, it says, dogs have been trained to watch for the cars and get these papers, and country dogs, it is noticed, take quite an active interest in the affair. On the Naugatuck road, some one had the curiosity to inquire into this matter of dog messengers. A certain gentleman, he states, had a dog which would go a mile and a half every morning to meet the train. The paper was at first thrown off by the brakeman on the last car, and there the dog watched for it. After a while it was thrown from the baggage car. The dog appeared angry at the change, barked furiously and waited sullenly for some time before going on its errand. It was some time before it became reconciled to the new way of delivering the paper. Below Derby, a dog acted for several years as newsboy for a number of families. The papers were thrown out of the car while it was going at full speed. Whether one or a large bundle of them, the dog was able to lug them off, making good time back.

Another dog which became a veteran as a news-dog and could not, from age and rheumatism, go down to the cars, managed in some way to train a younger dog to do its work.

A gentleman residing below Naugatuck, had a dog which regularly met the early morning train. The house was a mile away from the railroad, and the dog never left on its errand until it heard the train whistle at Beacon Falls station. Then it started on a run and waited always at the same spot, with its nose poked between the palings of a fence, and its keen eyes watching for the flying paper.

A story is told of one dog that was first taught to bring a certain New Haven paper, but when his master changed to another could not be induced to carry the new one. This seems unlikely. Another story is that a gentleman of Waterbury had a pet dog that could readily distinguish the locomotive whistles of the New England road from those of the Naugatuck, though the tracks ran parallel, side by side. For many years the faithful dog always found its train and car, and stood in waiting for the daily paper, which it carried home to its master.

## IX.—MY DOG FIDO.

By L. J. CIST.

I TELL you I have a smart dog of my own  
 (His name, sir, is Fido);  
 The cunningest canine that ever was known  
 To "cut up a dido!"  
 His hair it is long and as soft as fine silk  
 (It's a sort of a yellow);  
 He's so dainty, he likes only sweet cake and  
 milk,—  
 The dear, funny fellow!

He comes when he's called, and he does what  
 he's bid  
 (Not all boys will do so!);  
 And he'll stand up and wear a fur cap on his head,  
 Like Robinson Crusoe!  
 He barks at all beggars, but persons well-dressed  
 He treats more politely—  
 In which he resembles, it must be confessed,  
 Some other folks slightly!

Throw a ball, and he'll chase it along anywhere,  
 Nor stop at your calling;  
 Toss it up in the air, and he's sure to be there  
 To seize it when falling;

Throw a stick in the pond, and at once, with a  
 bound,  
 He will jump in the water,—  
 Little Lilly fell in once, and would have been  
 drowned  
 If he had n't caught her!

He's so wise that when bad boys once managed  
 to tie  
 To his tail a tin kettle,  
 He turned, picked it up in his mouth, and so high  
 (Being put to his mettle)  
 He jumped, o'er the palings and made so much  
 noise,  
 The sound reached the kitchen;  
 And the servants ran out and soon caught both  
 the boys  
 And gave them a switchin'.

He knows me so well, that whenever he hears  
 The tone of my voice, sir,  
 You might think him human, so much he appears  
 At the sound to rejoice, sir.  
 So I can't treat him ill, and I'm certain that he  
 Loves me well and sincerely;  
 And he's always so good and so gentle with me,  
 That I love him most dearly!



NOT HANDSOME, PERHAPS, BUT VERY STYLISH!

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*[A Historical Biography.]*

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE OHIO COMPANY.

WHETHER in the woods or at his friends' houses, George Washington was sure, at this time, to hear much talk of the country which lay to the westward. The English had their colonies along the Atlantic coast, and guarded the front door to the American continent. The French had their military posts along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys. They had entered the continent by other doors, and the two nations were like two families living in the same house, each wishing the whole premises and making ready to oust the other.

The French held their possessions in America chiefly by means of forts and trading-posts; the English by means of farms and towns. So, while the French were busy making one fort after another in the interior, meaning to have a line from New Orleans to Quebec, the English were constantly clearing away woods and planting farms farther to the westward and nearer to the French forts. The great Appalachian Mountain Range kept the two people apart for a time, but English settlers were every year crossing the mountains, and making their way into the fertile valleys beyond.

The Indians who roamed over the country found themselves between two fires. They saw very plainly that if these two foreign nations kept increasing their foothold, there would be little room left for themselves. They saw, too, that the French and the English would not settle down in peace together, nor divide the land between them. Nor were the Indians wholly at peace among themselves. One tribe fought another, and each was very ready to call in the aid of the white man.

So the tribes divided. The French were very willing to have certain Indians on their side, when they should come to blows with the English; the English sought to make friends with other Indians who were the enemies of those that had formed alliance with the French; and a tribe would sometimes change its position, siding now with the French, now with the English.

The region of country which was the prize most eagerly contended for by both nations was that watered by the Ohio River and its tributaries. As

yet, there were no white settlements in this region; but both French and English traders made their way into it and carried on a brisk business with the Indians. The two nations now set to work in characteristic fashion to get control of the Ohio Valley. The French began to build forts in commanding positions; the English formed a great land company, the object of which was to send out emigrants from England and the Atlantic colonies to settle in the Ohio Valley, plant farms, and so gain a real possession.

The company thus formed was called the Ohio Company. It was planned in 1748, by Thomas Lee, a Virginian gentleman, who associated with himself thirteen other gentlemen,—one, a London merchant who was to act as the Company's agent in England; the others, persons living in Virginia and Maryland. They obtained a charter from the King, and the grant of five hundred thousand acres of land lying chiefly south of the Ohio River and west of the Alleghany Mountains, between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers. These gentlemen reasoned that the natural passage to the Ohio country lay by the Potomac River and through the breaks in the mountain ranges caused by those branches of the Ohio River which took their rise in Virginia. So they intended that the stream of trade which flowed into the Ohio Valley, should take its rise in Maryland and Virginia, and benefit the people of those colonies; and in order to carry out their plans, they proposed to build a road for wagons from the Potomac to the Monongahela.

George Washington's elder brothers Lawrence and Augustine were both among the original members of the Ohio Company, and when, shortly after its formation, Mr. Lee died, Lawrence Washington became the principal manager. He took a very strong interest in the enterprise, and was particularly desirous of settling a colony of Germans on the company's land. The plans of the Ohio Company were freely discussed at Mount Vernon, and George Washington, who had made himself well acquainted with much of the country which lay on the way to the Ohio, was an interested listener and talker.

There was other talk, however, besides that of trade and settlement. The French were everywhere making preparations to assert their ownership of the Western country, and the colonies took the alarm and began also to make ready for possi-



ble war. Virginia was divided into military districts, each of which was under the charge of an adjutant-general whose business it was to attend to the organization and equipment of the militia. George Washington was only nineteen years of age, but his brother Lawrence had such confidence in his ability that he secured for him the appointment of adjutant-general for the military district which included Mount Vernon.

To hold such a post, one must be both a drill-master and something of a tactician, as well as a natural leader and good manager. Washington went to work with a will to qualify himself for his place. His brother had served long enough in the army to be able to give him some help, and Lawrence's comrades in the West Indies campaigns could give even more explicit aid. One of these, Major Muse, was a frequent guest at Mount Vernon, and now undertook to teach George Washington the art of war. He lent the young adjutant military treatises, and drilled him in manual exercises. A Dutch soldier, Jacob Van Braam, who was making a living as fencing-master, gave him lessons in the sword exercise, and Washington had the opportunity afterward of doing his old teacher a good turn by securing him a position in the army of which Washington was an officer.

While he was in the midst of all this military exercise, which was very well suited to the mind of one who had been captain of his school company, he was suddenly obliged to drop his sword and manual, and make ready for a voyage. Lawrence Washington, whose health had been impaired by his campaigning in the West Indies, was ill with consumption; and his physicians ordered him to take a voyage to the West Indies again,—this time to recover, if possible, the health which he had lost there when a soldier. He proposed to pass the winter at Barbadoes, and to take his brother George with him.

The two brothers sailed near the end of September, 1751. George Washington, with his methodical habits, at once began a diary, which he kept on the voyage and during his stay on the island. As two gentlemen from Virginia, they were seized upon at once by the English officers and other residents, and treated with great hospitality. The people who live in a small and isolated settlement like that of Barbadoes are generally very glad to meet some one whom they have not seen every day the year around. So the two brothers dined with this and that new acquaintance, and George, being robust and not needing to spare himself, walked, rode, and drove over the island.

Unfortunately, in the midst of his pleasure, he was seized with small-pox and obliged to keep by himself during the last part of his stay. Vac-

cination was not understood at that time, and there was nothing to be done, if the small-pox were about, but to have it and have it as lightly as possible. Washington had a strong constitution, and bore this trying illness well, but he carried some slight scars from the disease through the rest of his life.

In his diary he recorded briefly the events of each day of his journey, but at the end of his stay, he filled a few pages with general reflections upon the life on which he had looked, and which was so different from that of Virginia. He was of a frugal mind himself and was amazed at the shiftless ways of the people of Barbadoes. "How wonderful," he says, "that such people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries as well as necessities of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three, and four hundred acres (which are the largest) can want,—is to me most wonderful."

The exactness which the young surveyor had shown in his plans and in his accounts is very apt to go with great prudence and economy. Up to this time he had had very little money besides what he had earned; but he shows in many ways that he had acquired the fundamental principle of sound living,—never spend money until you have earned it; and to this principle he held all his life. I know that prudence and economy are usually regarded as habits which one acquires by careful training, and so they may be. But with George Washington I suspect these traits were inborn and very nearly allied to genius. He had a genius for order and method; it did not sparkle like a genius for wit or imagination, but one must not think less of it for that reason. Because he was so careful and correct, some people thought him mean and close; but he could afford to be thought so, if his carefulness and correctness kept him scrupulously honest.

After the two brothers had been on the island about six weeks, Lawrence Washington, with the uneasiness of an invalid, was sure that he should be better off in Bermuda, and he resolved to go there as soon as the spring opened. But he longed to see his family, and accordingly sent his brother back to Virginia, intending that he should return later to Bermuda with Mrs. Washington. George had a stormy passage, and reached Virginia in February. There he awaited orders from his brother. But Lawrence Washington, with the caprice and changing mood of a consumptive, could not make up his mind what he most wanted,—whether to send for his wife or to go home himself. At last his disease increased so rapidly as to alarm him, and he hastened home, reaching Mount Ver-

non only a short time before his death, which took place in July, 1752.

He left a wife and one daughter. It is a sign both of his confidence in his brother George and of his love for him, that he made him, though only twenty years old, one of the executors of his will, and his heir in case his daughter should not live to be of age. As George Washington was more familiar with his brother's affairs than any one else, the other executors left the management of the estate almost entirely to him. From this time, Mount Vernon was his home,—though it must have been a melancholy home at first; for he had looked up to his elder brother since he was a boy, and now it was as if a second father and a dear companion had died.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### MAJOR WASHINGTON.

FOR a while George Washington was closely occupied with settling his brother's estate, but he was obliged to busy himself with public affairs also; for there were growing rumors of French movements to the westward, and to these Virginia, as one of the nearest colonies and most concerned, was bound to pay special heed. Robert Dinwiddie, a Scotchman and surveyor of customs in Virginia, had just been appointed lieutenant-governor, which at that time meant resident and acting governor. As a new broom sweeps clean, he was immediately very active. Virginia was divided into four military districts and the militia put into active training. Washington had shown himself so capable before, that he was again appointed adjutant-general, with the rank of major; and one of the districts, including the northern counties, was assigned to him.

It was not in the colonies alone that preparations went on. The colonies were a part of the British empire, and a blow struck at them by the French in America was an attack on England by France. England, therefore, sent out cannon and powder to Virginia, and instructed the governor to make all speed and build two forts on the Ohio river, in order to secure the country against French occupation.

But the French had moved before the English. In military affairs, the general who is first on the ground usually has a great advantage; the French were a more military people than the English; the whole occupation by the French in America was an occupation by soldiers; and so, while the English ministry and Governor Dinwiddie and the Virginia militia were making ready to start, the Governor of Canada had dispatched troops and

supplies into the debatable territory, and was busily engaged in winning over the Indians. Moreover, it was said that he had seized certain English traders and sent them, prisoners, to France.

As soon as news of this reached Governor Dinwiddie, he determined to send a commissioner to the officer in command of the French forces, and ask by what right Frenchmen were building forts in the King's dominions, and what they were intending to do; why they had made prisoners of peaceable Englishmen; and as the two nations were not at war, why French soldiers were invading English territory. Moreover the commissioner was to see the Indian chiefs and make sure that they did not form an alliance with the French.

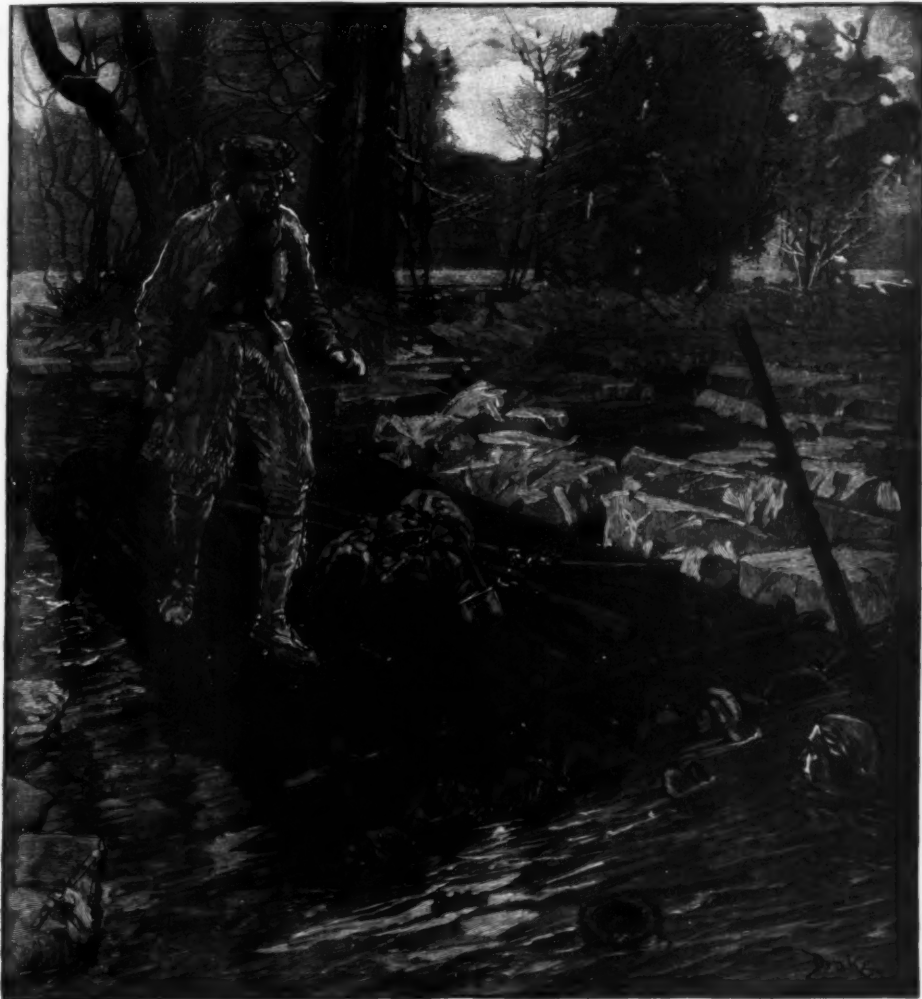
It was no slight matter for any one to undertake such an errand. He must know something of the country; he must be used to Indians; he must be a person whom the French would respect; above all, he must be strong of body, courageous, prudent, wise, and on the alert; for the journey would be a severe one, and the messenger would need to have what is called a "level head." The King's officers in Virginia would have to act on such information as he brought: how many Frenchmen there were in the Ohio country; how many more were on the way; what they were doing; what were their plans. Of course no one expected that the French commandant would kindly sit down and tell the Virginian commissioner what he meant to do; the commissioner must find that out by his own sagacity.

Now the persons who were most immediately concerned were the members of the Ohio Company. Indeed, it was largely through their agency that the Governor of Virginia, who himself was a stockholder, had moved in the matter. Lawrence Washington was dead, but Augustine Washington was interested, and the younger brother, George, had charge of Lawrence Washington's affairs. He knew perfectly what interests were at stake. Besides, he was a backwoodsman; it was no novelty for him to follow trails through the forest; he could deal with Indians; and above all, he had shown himself a clear-headed, far-sighted young man, whom every one instinctively trusted. He was one of His Majesty's officers, for he was Adjutant-General of the Northern District; and so, though Major George Washington was but twenty-one years old, Governor Dinwiddie and his council selected him for this delicate and weighty mission.

It was no summer jaunt on which he set out. He waited upon the Governor at Williamsburg, and was armed with papers duly signed and sealed with the great seal of Virginia, giving him authority as commissioner. On October 30, 1753, he left Williamsburg with a journey of more

than a thousand miles before him. He stopped at Fredericksburg to say good-bye to his mother, and to engage his old fencing-master, Van Braam, as an interpreter. Washington knew no French,

The real start of the expedition was to be made from Wills Creek, now Cumberland in Maryland, which was the outpost of civilization. Here Washington arrived on November 14, and made up



WASHINGTON HAS A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING. (SEE PAGE 371.)

and never learned it. Van Braam pretended to know it well, but really had only an ignorant smattering of the language. Thence he went to Alexandria, where he laid in supplies; and to Winchester, which was the most important frontier settlement, where he provided himself with horses, tents, and other camp equipments.

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his little company. It consisted of Christopher Gist, who was in the employ of the Ohio Company, and was an experienced frontiersman; of Jacob Van Braam, the French interpreter; of Davidson, an Indian interpreter; and of four frontiersmen. The party was now complete, and the next day they plunged into the wilderness.

Gist knew the way as far as an Indian village called Logstown, on the banks of the Ohio, about seventeen miles from where Pittsburg now stands; there they were to call together the Indian chiefs and confer with them. It had been raining and snowing so heavily in the mountains, that they were a week making their way to the Monongahela River at Turtle Creek. Here they found the river so swollen that they saw it was impossible to cross with their pack-horses. Accordingly, they sent all their baggage down the river in a canoe, under charge of two of the men, while the rest swam their horses across and rode down to the rendezvous at the fork of the Ohio, ten miles below.\*

The Ohio Company had proposed to build a fort about ten miles away from the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany; here lived a friendly Indian, Shingiss, and that may have determined their plans. But Washington, who reached the fork of the rivers before the canoe, began at once to look over the ground, and decided without hesitation that the real site for the fort should be the point of land which lay between the two rivers.

Shingiss went on with the party to Logstown, and there Washington staid five days, conferring with the Indian chiefs and gathering information from some French deserters who happened there. He was impatient to go forward to the French forts, but he knew something of Indian ways, and he was learning more. The chiefs sat and talked and smoked, and were silent, and shook their heads, and said it was a serious matter. Serious, indeed, it was to the poor Indians, for the French had already told them that they were coming in force in the spring to drive the English out of the country; but if the English proved too strong for that, then French and English would agree and divide the land between them. As in that case, the Indians would have small favor, the French advised the chiefs to side with them against the English.

At last Washington persuaded the Indians to let three of their chiefs and an old hunter accompany his party to where the French were, and they followed the Alleghany to Venango, now Franklin in Venango County, Pennsylvania, where were a few Frenchmen who had driven out an English trader. But the really important station was Fort le Boeuf.

The Frenchmen tried to entice the Indians from Washington, and otherwise to keep him from going on; but he insisted on carrying out his plans, and toiled for four more days through mire and snow-drifts until he came to the fort.

The French commandant, M. de Saint Pierre, received the Virginian commissioner politely, and

entertained him for a few days with hospitality, but in the meantime did his utmost to win from Washington the Indian chiefs who had accompanied him. Finally, however, M. de Saint Pierre drew up a formal reply to Governor Dinwiddie's letter, and Washington and his party returned by canoe to Venango, having sent the horses and baggage on in advance.

Now began a terrible journey. The horses were so weak, but so necessary for carrying the baggage, that Washington and his companions set out on foot, while the horses followed behind. Washington was dressed as an Indian, and for three days they kept on in this way, the horses losing strength, the cold increasing, and the roads growing worse. Then Washington, seeing how slowly the party was moving, determined to take Gist with him, and push through the woods, the nearest way, leaving the rest of the company together with the horses and baggage under charge of Van Braam to follow as well as they could.

It was the day after Christmas when he started. He put his journal and other papers into a pack which he strapped to his back, wrapped himself in a stout coat, took his gun in his hand and set off alone with Gist. They were only a few miles from Venango, and they meant to follow the path a short distance to an Indian village called Murdering Town, and then go by the compass through the woods in as straight a line as possible to the fork of the Ohio. The village was well-named; for shortly after they had left it, they were fired at by a French Indian whom they had taken along there as a guide. They pretended to think that his gun went off for some other reason; but they kept him with them, watching him very closely all day till nine o'clock that night. Then they sent him home. But they knew well that he would rally his friends and pursue them; so they walked all that night and the next day, reaching the Ohio river at dark, and rested there over night.

They supposed, of course, that they should find the river frozen tight and could cross on the ice, but to their dismay, it was frozen only near the shore, while blocks of ice were swirling down the middle of the stream. "There was no way of getting over," says Washington in his journal, "but on a raft, which we set about, with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun-setting. This was a whole day's work; we next got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but before we were half-way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole

\* For points mentioned in this paper, see map on page 279 of February ST. NICHOLAS.

that it jerked me out into ten feet water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft-logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe, that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning, and went to Mr. Frazier's."

Here they succeeded in getting horses, and in a few days Washington was at Williamsburg and reporting to the Governor. He had not merely made a very difficult journey in the depth of winter and brought back an answer to the Governor's letter; but he had made the most minute observations of the condition and plans of the French; he had also strengthened the friendship of the English and Indians; and by patient, unwearied and resolute attention to the object of his mission, he had brought back a fund of extremely valuable information for the use of the colony. There could be no doubt in the minds of his friends, after reading his journal, that here was a man who could be depended upon. They had known him as a prudent, careful, economical, deliberate, rather silent young fellow, whose judgment was worth having; but I doubt if they had fully perceived before what indomitable courage he had, how fearless he was in the midst of danger, how keen and wary in his dealing with an enemy, and how full of resources and pluck when difficulties arose. Here was no sunshine soldier.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### FORT DUQUESNE AND FORT NECESSITY.

THE House of Burgesses was not in session when Washington made his report to Governor

Dinwiddie. But no time was to be lost, and the energetic governor and council issued orders to erect a fort at once upon the point of land at the fork of the Ohio, which Washington had recommended as the best site. Washington was to have command of the two companies of men who were to be enlisted for this purpose, but he was to remain for the present at Alexandria, organizing the expedition, while his second in command, Captain Trent, a trader and frontiersman, went forward with such men as he could raise in the



WASHINGTON DELIVERS GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE'S LETTER TO THE FRENCH COMMANDANT.

back settlements, and began the construction of the fort.

Lord Fairfax took a lively interest in his young friend's business, but it was not so easy to enlist men for an expedition of this kind, as it was to raise and drill a company of militia, which by the laws of the colony could not be marched more than five miles from the boundary line of the colony. Throughout the winter months Washington was hard at work raising his company and putting them in readiness. He had a sorry lot of volunteers to work with; they were for the most part shiftless fellows who had nothing else to do,



and scarcely anything to their backs. They were good-natured, however, and ready to buy clothing if the Major would pay them their wages; but the Major had no money of his own to advance, and he had hard work getting any from the Government. He had to reason with his men, humor them, and fit them for service as well as he could. It was capital preparation for a kind of work which he had to do on a large scale afterward.

The Governor, meanwhile, had been stirring up the governors of the other colonies, and had called the burgesses together. He could not make every one feel his own need of action; but he persuaded the burgesses to vote a sum of money, and thus was able to enlarge the military force to six companies. There was a proposition to put Washington in command of the entire force; but the young major was reluctant to assume such a charge, when he had had so little experience in handling troops. "I have too sincere a love for my country," he said, "to undertake that which may tend to the prejudice of it."

Accordingly Joshua Fry, an English gentleman of education, was commissioned as colonel, and Washington was given the second place, with title of lieutenant-colonel. Fry now remained at Alexandria and Washington pushed forward to Wills Creek, with about a hundred and fifty men, intending to join Trent and complete the fort which he had begun. He reached Wills Creek with his ragged, half-drilled men on April 20, and soon received a very disagreeable piece of news.

Trent, for some reason, had left the fort which he was building, and his second in command having also absented himself, the next highest officer, Ensign Ward, was left in command of the company, which numbered forty-one men. Suddenly there had appeared a multitude of canoes and other craft coming down the Alleghany. It was a large French force dispatched by the Governor of Canada to occupy the same point of land. Ward, of course, could do nothing. He was permitted to withdraw with his men, and the French at once pulled down the fort which Trent had begun, and set to work building another and larger one which they named Fort Duquesne. Here, after the wars of the next thirty years were over, the city of Pittsburg began to rise.

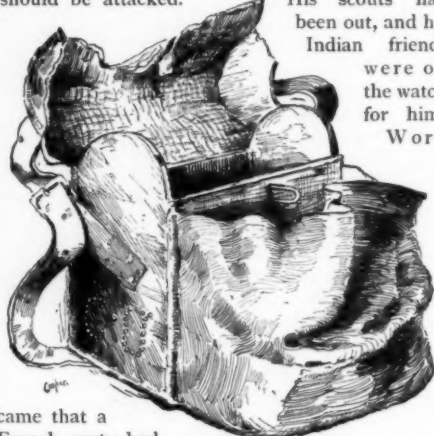
The taking of the post by an armed force was like a declaration of war on the part of France. It was the beginning of the great seven years' war between France and England which ended in the fall of France in America, and led by swift steps to the independence of the colonies. By a strange coincidence, the nearest English force was under the command of a young Virginian officer of militia, only twenty-two years old, who was after-

ward to be the leader of the colonies in their war against England, and to have the aid of the very France which he was now fighting.

Washington did not hesitate. He at once sent a messenger with the news to Governor Dinwiddie, and wrote letters to the governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania, urging them to send forward troops; for each colony acted independently of the others. Then he began work with such men and materials as he had, meaning to push through the woods to where Red Stone Creek empties into the Monongahela, about half-way to Fort Duquesne, and to build a fort there. It was a spot where Gist had already constructed a storehouse for the Ohio Company. By this plan, Washington would be keeping his men at work, and would have a road built for the use of the troops yet to come. At that point, moreover, there was water communication with Fort Duquesne.

Washington built his road and marched his men until he reached a level piece of grassland, partially covered with bushes, that lay at the foot of Laurel Hill, a spur of the Alleghanies, and was called Great Meadows. It was a good place for a camp, and a good place for fighting if he should be attacked.

His scouts had been out, and his Indian friends were on the watch for him. Word



LEATHERN CAMP-CHEST USED BY WASHINGTON.

came that a French party had left Fort Duquesne and were intending to engage with the first English forces they should meet, for they had heard that the English were on the move.

Washington at once made ready for the attack. There was a gully crossing the field, which he turned into an intrenchment. He also cut down the bushes; but he did not wait for the enemy. He feared they might surprise his camp; and getting word from the Indians that they had discovered, as they thought, the place where the French were

hidden, he took forty men, and at ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a hard rain, set out to surprise the enemy.

"The path," he says, "was hardly wide enough for one man; we often lost it, and could not find it again for fifteen or twenty minutes, and we often tumbled over each other in the dark."

At sunrise, May 28, 1754, Washington reached the camp where his Indian friends were. They joined him, and the impetuous young soldier led his combined forces, Indian file, in a stealthy march through the woods to the rocky hollow where the Frenchmen lay concealed. As soon as the English came upon them, the Frenchmen sprang up and raised their guns. Washington, who was in front, gave his men the order to fire, and a sharp engagement followed. Ensign Jumonville, commanding the French party, and nine others were killed. On the English side, one man was killed and two or three wounded. Twenty-two prisoners were taken, and Washington marched back with them to the camp at Great Meadows.

It turned out that Jumonville and his men were an advance party sent out from Fort Duquesne to reconnoiter. They had discovered Washington's force, and being fewer in number, had sent back to the fort for reinforcements. Meanwhile, they were in hiding when surprised by Washington, and had no chance to escape. The young Virginian lieutenant-colonel had every reason to believe that his force was to be attacked, and he acted promptly. He did not stop to parley with them, but answered their raised guns with an order to his men to fire.

The first shot had been fired, and Washington was the man who had fired it. He knew well what would be the immediate consequence of his act; the French would come in force as soon as they heard the news, and he began at once to prepare for defense. He threw up earthworks and made a palisade, and named it Fort Necessity. It was a slight enough protection. He sent his prisoners to Winchester, and informed Governor Dinwiddie of what he had done. "Your Honor may depend," he says, "I will not be surprised, let them come at what hour they will; and this is as much as I can promise. But my best endeavors shall not be wanting to effect more. I doubt not, if you hear I am beaten, but you will hear at the same time that we have done our duty, in fighting as long as there was a shadow of hope."

The camp was now a lively place. The Indians, afraid of the French, began to flock to it, and the companies left behind at Wills Creek now came up; but Colonel Fry was dead, and Washington was in sole command, after all. Meanwhile, Captain Mackay came with a company from South

Carolina. He was a captain of the regular army, and so could not serve under a colonial officer; but he was a man of sense and courtesy, and, by mutual consideration, he and Washington avoided any serious conflict of authority. But the volunteer and regular troops could not agree so well; the camp was becoming crowded, and Washington, anxious to carry out his plans, left Captain Mackay in command at Great Meadows, and moved his men thirteen miles further, to a place where Gist had formed a small settlement. It took two weeks to do this, for the men built a road as they went, and the way led through a mountain gorge.

Of course this forward movement was made known to the French by their scouts, and Washington had his scouts out quite as far as Fort Duquesne itself. Soon reports came thick and fast, that the French post had been strongly reinforced and that a large body of men was preparing to descend upon the English. Washington sent for Captain Mackay and his company, and they arrived near the end of June. A council of war was held, and the situation studied. The place where they were was unsuited for defense, since hills surrounded it. The enemy's force was much greater than their own, and they were in no condition to make a successful resistance.

The order to retreat was given. Washington, who had the courage to lead an attack, had also the patience, the self-control, and the cheerful spirit which are so necessary in a retreat. The horses were broken down and the men had to drag the heavy guns themselves. Washington loaded his own horse with public stores and went afoot. He would not even require the soldiers to carry his own baggage, as he might have done, but paid them for the labor. So, on July 2, they were back at Great Meadows. They did not mean to stay there, for though it was a good field for an open fight, it had no natural protection, and Fort Necessity was a hasty, flimsy affair. But the men were exhausted; they had been without sufficient provision for some time, and they were expecting supplies from below.

They strengthened the fort as well as they could, but the French were only a few hours behind them. The very next morning they came in sight, nine hundred strong, not counting Indians. Now was the time for boldness; it was too late to retreat. Washington led his little army out before the fort as if to invite attack; if the Frenchmen came on, he might, in a fair fight, beat them; but they did not come on. They remained at the border of the woods in a position where they could cut off his retreat, and began firing from a distance. Washington, accordingly, withdrew his men behind the embankment.

For nine hours the two forces faced each other,

sending shots through the heavy rain and the mist which almost shut them out from each other's sight. There had been a heavy loss on both sides, but when night fell the English were in a desperate condition, half starved, their powder nearly gone, and their guns almost good for nothing. The French proposed a parley. Washington refused, thinking they meant to send an officer who would find out in what a deplorable condition they were. But when they proposed that he should send an officer to them, he consented and sent Jacob Van Braam, who was now a captain, and the only uninjured officer who understood French.

Van Braam came back, bringing with him in writing the terms upon which the French would accept a surrender. The terms were on the whole liberal. The English were to carry with them everything in their possession except their artillery, were to promise to build no more forts there or beyond

the mountains for a year, and were to return the prisoners taken when Jumonville was killed. As a security for this last, two officers were to be left with the French as hostages. Washington accepted the terms, and the next morning began his march back to Wills Creek. From there he and Captain Mackay went to Williamsburg to report in person to the governor.

Failure is sometimes quite as necessary to character as success. It must have been with a heavy heart that the young colonel turned back from Fort Necessity that 4th of July, 1754, his expedition broken up, his military ardor damped, his eye resting on the miserable men whom he was leading away from the bloody field of Great Meadows. He was only twenty-two years old. Twenty-one years after the day when he marshaled his men before Fort Necessity, he was to draw his sword at the head of an American army.

(To be continued.)



## THE NEW HAT AND MUFF.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

THERE was a small person who had a new muff  
Of bearskin, most shining and long;  
And—(as if one fine ornament were not enough!)—  
She 'd a tall, wide-brimmed hat, richly feathered and  
furred,  
And trimmed in the front with a beautiful bird  
That seemed ready to break out in song.

And every one said, "What a good little maid,  
With her eyes on the ground,  
And no glances around!  
For pride is, of course, very wrong!  
'Tis pleasant to find  
A child, with a mind  
From vanity utterly free."

"Now, though my new hat and my muff all can see,  
I am really as modest as modest can be,  
And unconscious," mused little Miss Belle,  
"But I certainly feel  
(Though my thoughts I conceal)  
I am looking exceedingly well."

# WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY ECKFORD.

## FIRST PAPER.

DID you ever stop to think how odd it is that the breath which comes out of the lungs, and the noises made by the air passing through the throat and over the inner opening of the nostrils and the teeth and lips can be changed from mere wind and sound into things the eyes can see? In other words, did you ever stop to think how curious it is that speech can be turned into writing,—and that the writing remains for long periods of years—as long, in fact, as the ink and paper will last? Just reflect a moment. Open your mouth slowly and expel the breath, making the vowel sound “ah.” Then write on a piece of paper “A H.” There you have done something very easy, no doubt, and what any boy or girl can do! But there was a time, though you may have forgotten all about it, when you did not know enough to write A or H, or any other of the twenty-six letters. There are many grown-up men and women who never did and never will have your wonderful knowledge! Are you surprised that I call it wonderful? Well, is it not wonderful that you can take not only a sound meant for the ears, but a thought never spoken out loud at all, and put that thought on paper? And that you can then put the paper in a safe place so that, perhaps, your great-great-great-grandchildren, if you are lucky enough to have them, will understand what their great-great-great-grandfather or mother was thinking of, years and years before?

In Europe there are very many grown-up persons of the same white race as ourselves, who can not write their own names, and a few centuries ago the number was much greater, and among them were rich people who could have paid a schoolmaster to teach them. There are, I am sorry to say, many just as ignorant to-day among the poor whites of the United States. Let us hope, when you are grown up, that schools will have been furnished for every white and black child and Indian in the land. But there are millions of people in other parts of the globe who can not write, because neither they nor their forefathers ever had such a system of writing, such an alphabet as civilized children are taught. They may be able to send a simple message by means of marks, but they have no alphabet, no true writing. Their minds, as far as writing is concerned, are about as ours were when we were little

children. They have never imagined that the separate vowels and consonants that form an alphabet, could be thought of as so many long and short sounds (half-sounds we might call the consonants); nor that several letters combined could make a syllable like that “A H” you have put down, and so a part of speech could be fixed forever on a piece of paper. To a real savage who has not seen much of white men such a paper is a deep mystery; he calls it a “talking leaf” and thinks the person who wrote it and the person who receives it two dangerous wizards. He, too, can send a message, after a fashion, but not by means of queer little black scratches that do not look like anything he has seen—plant, mineral or beast, and which seem for that reason the work of magic. Curiously enough, he uses the same expression for the paper that we do. He calls it a leaf. And what is this but a leaf on which the words you are reading are printed? No chance resemblance is this, I assure you. When we come to talk of the beginnings of the art of writing among our ancestors you will see that the leaves of books and the leaves of plants were once the same.

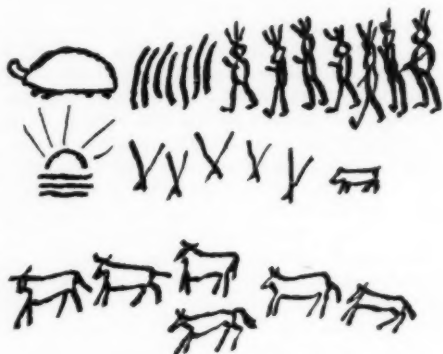
The savage can pronounce words well enough; he can say “bat,” “cat,” “date,” and so forth, but he can not write them down. If he be taught English by ear, as we were taught when infants, and then, knowing what we wanted, was asked to write down “bat,” what do you think he would do? He would act like a bright-minded child who has never learned its letters. He would take a slate and draw a bat with as few lines as possible. Asked for a cat, he would draw pussy; asked for a date, he would draw a date-palm, or perhaps merely a date-leaf, to save trouble. That is the kind of writing savages have to use. Our wild redskins who, unlike the Cherokees, Senecas, and other civilized tribes, have had no schools, or have not been taught at the Carlisle Training School, in Pennsylvania, or the Hampton Institute, as some of the young Sioux and Apaches have been, must put up with this kind of writing. You can imagine how slow it is and how much room it takes up; but I am sure you can not imagine how very hard it is to read with certainty. Guesses play a large part in the reading of such records. As it is made up of so many drawings, or pictures, it is called picture-writing. Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write.

Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great

clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies, they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and papposes are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe, when, like our Turtle chieftain, badly counseled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another of a great province, and forces the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with topknots; his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these, a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it mean that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next, he puts down as many funny little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that, he draws, as well as he can, a wee, wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain

on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads. Then to call the attention of all who pass through the wilderness, the war chief fixes the piece of bark to the top of a long pole, and plants it on the path so that the most careless passer can not fail to see it. There is no date on this singular card of boasting, because he is not clever enough to use the shape of the moon as a



A SPECIMEN OF INDIAN WRITING.

sign for the day of the month, much less indicate the season of the year, or the year itself in which these mighty events befell. But there is not much need of being so exact, because news runs from camp to camp with surprising quickness, and any other war party that sees the card, before rain and wind destroy it, is quite certain to know something of the raid to which it refers.

Such is the picture-writing of our wild North American Indians and of the savage races near them in rank. They have ways also of reminding themselves of past events. Have you ever noticed an absent-minded person make a knot in his handkerchief, or tie a bit of thread on his finger to remind him of something? The great and highly civilized nation of Peru, ruled by the Yncas,\* and often called the Ynca Indians, was found to use knots tied in woolen strings as memorizers. The only books in the royal libraries and treasuries of the Yncas were flimsy pieces of worsted-work! The woolen strings, made from the fleeces of llamas and alpacas, were dyed with different colors, and the knots were of several different kinds, so that the system was not easy to use, and special chiefs or historians were employed to make and read them. It was their duty to commit to memory the facts and figures to which the knots and the colors referred. Men were chosen who had great memories naturally, and constant practice

\* Often spelled Inca; pronounced In-cah.



made them marvels of exactness. A simple glance at such strings would enable them to rattle off long accounts of taxes paid and taxes due, of tribute from conquered tribes given and still to come, of embassies from other nations and of wars made and treaties concluded. Although used chiefly in affairs of taxes, we can hardly doubt that now and then great pieces of news, like an earthquake, or an invasion of pirates, or the death of an Ynca, or the arrival of white men wearing beards and impenetrable clothes made of a dark metal, would be tied into these curious memorials. They were called *quippus*, and it is said that they are still in use among tribes of the Andes Mountains. The old *quippus* of the Yncas have not all been lost; but I fear that no Indian now lives, who can explain just what the knots and colors mean.

There is generally a better chance to recover a real alphabet when lost. One after another the writings found in Asia engraved on rocks have yielded to the study of wise men, and have been read, or are on the way to being read. The *quippus* can be read only by persons who have already learned their meanings. Sometimes old alphabets can be deciphered by people who have never seen before the name of the ancient king or priest who caused them to be written. They work back to the pictures from which the letters started, and so get a hint of what a given sign meant. But even if, by careful study of the methods used by the oppressed and sullen Indians of the Andes, we could get some clues to the meaning of different colors and different knots in the worsted *quippus*, how can we hope to read a sentence? At most we could guess the general idea. Yet it would be rash to say that we shall never make them out after a fashion.

Our North American Indians had a system similar to the *quippu*, only they used wampum, or

songs over his new resting-place, used belts of wampum to remind them what verses should be sung.

The beads of wampum, which are slowly made by hand from the inner part of a certain shell, remind them in what order to place the words, and recite the sentences they already know by heart. By this means the great Indian Confederation of New York State, called the Iroquois, or Six Nations, has kept its records of the founding of the league by Hiawatha and other great chiefs, word for word, during many centuries. As the great chief, to whose family belongs the right to pronounce the words, utters the solemn sentences, each chief present listens carefully, and should he vary the words or the order of the words, each would be able to correct him. When you are "counting-out," in order to know who is to be "it," you yourselves know that almost any child will stop you if you vary one word in the gibberish that is used. You must say, "Ana, mana, mona, might." But if you say, "Ana, mona, mana, might," you will be stopped. So with the Indians. They are so exact that certain words which used to be employed in their language, but are no longer in use, still keep their place in these old hymns. Often chiefs do not know exactly their meaning, but pronounce them they must.

By means, then, of *quippus*, wampum belts, tallies, and other systems, nations that have no true writing, nor even picture-writing, can hand traditions down from generation to generation. If war and pestilence do not ruin them as a nation, there seems no limit to the time such records taught from father to son may last. From books discovered in Ireland, it appears that the petty kings of that turbulent little island trusted to the memories of their bards for all sorts of important matters. Not only were the bards of use to delight men with ballads, in which they played



A STRING OF WAMPUM.

strings of colored shells and beads, to jog the memories of their chiefs. And some wampum belts are used to this day by Indians who speak, read, and write English as well as you. Once a year they meet in a grand council as their forefathers and they have always done. The belts are brought solemnly out, and the speeches and hymns which they recall are recited exactly as they have been for hundreds of years.

Only last year, when the bones of the great Indian orator Red Jacket were buried under a monument in Buffalo, New York, the chiefs who chanted

the part of historians, but for decisions at law, in which they acted as lawyers, or counsel, and for matters of finance, in which they were the authorities on taxes and tribute. We have the rough metrical verses they recited when called on by the king for a statement of his own rights and those of his officers and subjects, when taxes were to be laid, penalties exacted, or tribute asked. These verses were used long after the writing of the Greeks and Romans (our writing) had been brought to Ireland by Christian monks. The kings, forever at war with one another, could not

make or keep libraries; it was more convenient to have their library in the brains of a bard. So they went back to remote antiquity and used methods in practice among nations ignorant of letters. The bard, like the ancient Druid who was his superior and forerunner, felt in honor bound to cultivate his memory and be prepared for all sorts of questions from his employers. So you see that it is unwise to conclude, as have some, who figure as great historians before the world, that national traditions are not trustworthy, though these may have never actually been placed on paper until many centuries after the occurrences which they tell. Men have had various ways of keeping their memories true. The Zuni Indians of New Mexico, like the old Irish bards, learn to repeat thousands of lines of poetry that tell in picturesque terms of their forefathers and give an account of the early history of their nation.

In writing, then, as in so many other things, we have the advantage over the poor Indians. But let us beware how we take pride to ourselves for that reason. Suppose this advantage should turn out to be only recently acquired? Learned men who know all kinds of languages, both those now spoken and those that have died out, have consulted old books, and puzzled out old inscriptions, and compared one alphabet with another, and taken one alphabet and compared the letters as they now are with those of the same alphabet as they were when in use one thousand, and two thousand, and even three thousand years ago. And what do you think they find? For one thing, that far back in the beginning of history, our ancestors were no better off than the Indians. They used picture-writing only, and helped their memories with notches, or tallies, cut in wood. Would you like to know how it came about that our ancestors gave up writing by means of pictures that take a long time to draw, do not tell much to the world, and are hard to understand? They did not even invent the letters we now use; other races of people helped them to the alphabet. In fact they were so much helped, that we can say that really they borrowed their letters. So you see that it will not do for us to despise the North American Indian, for we know that not very many centuries ago our ancestors had no true alphabet, and had to be taught one. And from whom, think you, did our far-back ancestors borrow their letters? From the Greeks and Romans, of course. But from whom did they get the alphabet? From a great nation of sailors and merchants, called the Phœnicians, who were discovering distant lands, planting colonies, building cities, and driving back the savage hunters and shepherds when the latter attacked them, at a period even earlier

than when David and Solomon reigned over the Jews. This nation belonged to the same great folk as the Hebrews. It is to them that we owe that alphabet which enables us to put our thoughts on paper quickly and plainly, that alphabet which makes books and newspapers possible, and has given us the power to have many, many copies of this page of ST. NICHOLAS printed off. If we still used picture-writing, a magazine would be filled from first to last with the pictures needed to express what is now told in these few pages. And if we had no alphabet, the chances are that printing would not have been discovered. Certainly printing from movable types would not be possible.



We might now be in the same condition that our ancestors were in five hundred years ago,—only able to consult a book now and then in a monastery, and then finding it chained to a desk lest some one should run off with it.

You saw how the savage would indicate a bat, by drawing its image. Well, suppose picture-writing of that kind were used a long while by a nation, until it was found convenient to use the picture of a bat in words where there was simply a sound like *b a t*, even when it has no reference to the odd little flittermouse that comes out at dusk. Now, suppose some other nation (without as good a system of writing) should find it convenient to take that picture-sound *b a t*, but should use it somewhat differently. Suppose this nation has so far advanced on the way to an alphabet that instead of pictures, or signs, that mean certain things, or the sounds of the names of those things, they have

signs that mean single short sounds which we call syllables. A syllable is composed always of a consonant and a vowel, or a vowel and a consonant side by side, or a vowel between two or more consonants. Consonants are so called because they



ONE WAY OF SPELLING "BAT."

sound with a vowel; the vowel is the long, the consonant the short sound, and it sounds with the vowel. *Bat* is formed of the consonants B and T, which sound with the vowel A. Then, in the language of this nation I am speaking of, the little sketch of a bat would be used to stand for the syllable *ba*. Suppose by a similar development a small sketch of an ant should be employed to express the syllable *at*, the sound of *n* in *ant* being slurred over, after a fashion you will find in many different tongues. Then to write on this system the word *bat*, this nation would need two signs, one originally the drawing of a bat, the other that of an ant; placed side by side, they would spell *ba-at* and would be pronounced *bat*. Note now, that wherever in the words of that language those two sounds *ba* and *at* occurred, these two signs could be used. This may seem a clumsy fashion; you may wonder why it is easier to use two signs in the place of one; but it is really a great step onward from pure picture-writing. Let this be enough for the present. I only wish to hint to you how pictures gradually grew into letters of the alphabet during the course of ages. Later you will learn how it all took place, so far as we can make it out from the old forms of writing. The word *syllabary* expresses that stage of writing where *ba* and *at* spell *bat* and a true alphabet had not yet been born.

It was the Phœnicians then—remember this name, for it will constantly occur hereafter—a people of Syria and Palestine, and cousins of the Hebrews, who used a true alphabet of only twenty-two letters. By the hands of successive nations and, as a rule, westward from Asia Minor, we have borrowed from them our own excellent alphabet. But did the Phœnicians invent their own alphabet? Did they see the clumsiness of the syllabary stage and make the last great leap? That is a question many very wise men have labored hard to answer. Men have given the better part of their lives to discover whence that alphabet came. And some

are now content to believe that a French professor, named deRougé, was right, who argued by a train of reasoning too long to be given here, that the old Greeks were truthful in their traditions when they wrote that the Phœnicians took the shapes for their twenty-two letters from the writing of the Egyptians, several thousand years before the birth of Christ. The theory is that Phœnician traders in Egypt borrowed the shapes of the letters of the alphabet from the Egyptians, and handed these shapes improved

down to us, along with their names, which we retain very clearly in *alpha-beta*, or Alphabet. I shall soon tell you where the Phœnicians lived and how they came to be in Egypt, and we shall consider whether they obtained their alphabet there or elsewhere. Meantime, study over this old Phœnician alphabet and its modern English equivalents, and see whether you can trace the forms of our own letters in the old Phœnician letters and still older Egyptian symbols.

| Phœnician Alphabet. | Egyptian Hieroglyphics or Symbols. | English letters represented. |
|---------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 𐤀                   | eagle                              | A                            |
| 𐤁                   | crane                              | B                            |
| 𐤂                   | throne                             | C, K or G                    |
| 𐤃                   | hand                               | T or D                       |
| 𐤄                   | meander                            | * H                          |
| 𐤅                   | cerastes                           | F                            |
| 𐤆                   | duck                               | Z                            |
| 𐤇                   | sieve                              | H or K H                     |
| 𐤈                   | tongs                              | Th                           |
| 𐤉                   | parallels                          | I                            |
| 𐤊                   | bowl                               | K                            |
| 𐤋                   | lioness                            | L                            |
| 𐤌                   | owl                                | M                            |
| 𐤍                   | water                              | N                            |
| 𐤎                   | chairback                          | S                            |
| 𐤏                   | .....                              | O                            |
| 𐤐                   | shutter                            | P                            |
| 𐤑                   | snake                              | Ts                           |
| 𐤒                   | angle                              | Q                            |
| 𐤓                   | mouth                              | R                            |
| 𐤔                   | inundated garden                   | S or Sh                      |
| 𐤕                   | lasso                              | T                            |

\* *Meander* is from the river Meander in Asia Minor, full of turns and "meanderings," whence came the name for a labyrinth or puzzling system of garden walks. The *Cerastes* was the "horned asp," or poisonous serpent of Egypt.

## QUAKER ESTHER'S RIDE.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

ON a fair low plain, cut in two by the gleaming, narrow ribbon of Camfield River, lies Camfield town, down below the rolling hills and high downs that skirt Marshford Coast. The village is a quiet place, with its small station, its one tavern, its green "common" in the center, and its pleasant white houses ranged all around like the circle of a child's toy village. Out beyond the village, past the rose thickets, and some way along the rough country road, twinkle the lights of Ashton Farm. And here lives Esther—brave, hazel-eyed, twelve-year-old Esther Garner, with her quiet, resolute will, her soft voice, her quaint "thee and thou." For the Ashtons are Quakers. Esther loves Ashton Farm, though it is so lonely and wind-blown. She loves the wind and will sooner come out for a frolic with it than with nine-year-old Matthew, or Griselda aged six.

The children have lived here since the day, five years ago, when their mother, Mrs. Garner, came home a widow with three children to her father and mother at Ashton Farm, and the home of her childhood received and bade her welcome.

And now, on this gusty May night, when the very stars seem almost blown out, and masses of clouds, wind-driven, go flying down the purple sky, the sturdy old man, Grandfather Ashton, comes out with a lantern, and by him is Esther with a shawl pinned over her head.

"The wind 'll blow thee away, child," says Grandfather, patting the head that is close at his elbow.

"No, indeed, I love the wind," answers Esther, raising her bright hazel eyes through the darkness, as if she can really see the wind as it tosses the fringes of her shawl about her face. "And when will thee be back? Not before midnight?"

"No, child, not before twelve. It is a long ride, and I shall take Polly and not Dhonabar. I wish to be sure, even if I am slow."

"Dhonabar goes well in the light wagon," observes Esther, as Grandfather unlocks the stable door.

"I want daylight when I drive Dhonabar," answers the old man, with a smile, stepping in. "I shall have to sell him, I think. He does no one any good but me, and Judson hardly understands managing him."

"I could manage him," says Esther, under her breath, her eyes blazing out with a strange, excited light.

No one knows what a longing she has to touch, even to be near the great black horse with the strange Eastern name, and the stranger ferocity of disposition that makes it dangerous for any one save Grandfather Ashton to go near him or to handle him. Esther loves horses; within the slight, willowy figure lives a dauntless little heart, and Grandfather Ashton's own resolute, indomitable will. She admires Dhonabar, and once even gave him an apple. Nothing but Grandfather's quick, horrified command kept her from further advances.

"Now, back, Polly," says Grandfather Ashton, as he fastens the traces. "Hold the lantern more this way, Esther;" for Esther, with her head turned toward Dhonabar's stall, pays but small attention to her light.

"I thought he was unfastened," says Esther, looking around again to Polly, the bay mare, and her grandfather.

"I think not. A little higher, child; this buckle is a hard one. I told Judson to have it fixed. By the way, where is Judson?"

Grandfather steps to the door, and shading his eyes from the lantern, looks down the grassy lane.

"He ought to be at home. And are not Mat and little 'Selda over at Deacon Devine's?"

"Yes," answers Esther, "and Judson is going for them as soon as ever he gets home."

"It 'd better be soon," mutters Grandfather; "or the children will start for home alone, and it is a lonely mile and a half."

Here Polly steps along with the wagon towards Grandfather, and in the clatter she makes on the floor, Dhonabar backs half out of his stall unnoticed, and turns a large, fiery eye around to regard the two.

"Oh!" says Esther just then, and with good reason, for a black head reaches slowly down over her shoulder, and a pinkish nose—the only spot of color on Dhonabar—snuffs silently at both her hands. She recollects a cookie that she has dropped into her apron pocket and forgotten. She holds it up to Dhonabar.

The big, black, sullen brute smells at it, opens his white, shining teeth, and crunches the brittle cake with morose satisfaction. On a sudden, Grandfather Ashton turning, confronts the dire spectacle.

"Esther! Esther! Is thee mad, child?"

He makes haste across the floor. Dhonabar sees him coming and backs away from the child with many a vicious shake of the head. Still shaking, he submits to be led back into the stall, where Grandfather Ashton is still further confounded by beholding the halter rope bitten completely in two.

easily. "I have a foreboding of trouble—I know not why, Esther—I saw John Topham in Upton to-day. He was unwilling, it seemed, to stop and speak to me. He is at work over there."

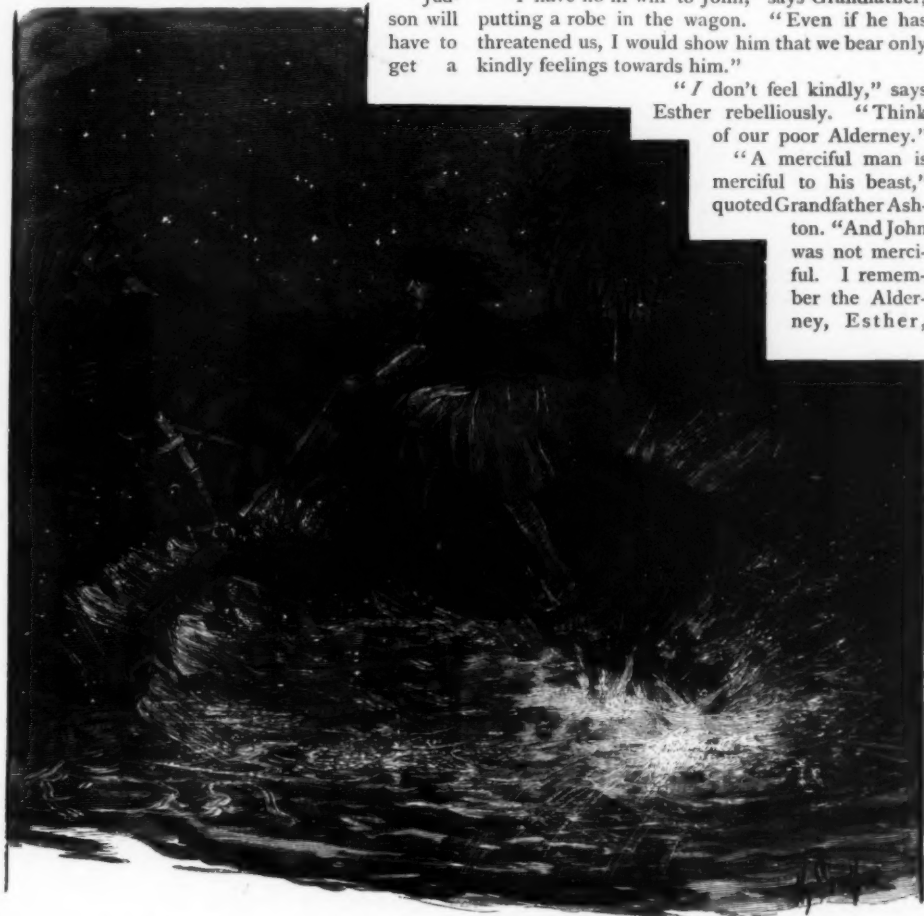
"I should n't think thee would wish to speak to him, Grandfather," remarks Esther, wonderingly.

"Judson will have to get a

"I have no ill will to John," says Grandfather, putting a robe in the wagon. "Even if he has threatened us, I would show him that we bear only kindly feelings towards him."

"I don't feel kindly," says Esther rebelliously. "Think of our poor Alderney."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," quoted Grandfather Ashton. "And John was not merciful. I remember the Alderney, Esther,



"DHONABAR WITH THE NEXT LEAP LANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BROOK." (SEE PAGE 384.)

chain-to-morrow," he says; "for with this animal's keen brain, what is done once can be done again."

Esther does not answer. She feels a little proud of Dhonabar's sagacity. Grandfather fastens the unruly animal with another, stouter rope, and once more turns his attention to Polly and the open wagon.

"I wish I had not to go to-night," he says un-

and I remember the black mare. I could not keep John Topham in my service, but even in discharging him, I tried to deal kindly with him."

"He did n't seem to thank thee for that, Grandfather," answers the child, still with a touch of rebellion in her voice, "for does n't thee remember how he said he would be revenged on us?"

"I think we should not judge John by what he



said in the heat of passion," says the gentle old Quaker; "for it must be that he repented of his words, when he cooled down. I think he felt ashamed to see me to-day."

"Perhaps he will come over here," observes Esther a little thoughtfully; "Upton is but twelve miles by rail."

"I fancy not," replies Grandfather smiling. "But bless me! I must be off. And Judson is not yet come! I shall meet him on the road, though, and I'll hasten him up. Go in, child, to thy mother."

Esther stands with her clothes blown hither and thither about her, holding up the lantern, and following with her eyes the last glimmer of wheels down the grassy lane and the long gray road. Then she shuts the stable door and goes up the broad stone steps.

Quite like a kitchen of the olden time is the kitchen at Ashton Farm. Grandmother will not have a cooking-stove in the house; and there are the big, old-fashioned fireplace with its pot and crane, and its stone seat at the side; the ancient dresser with its rows of blue plates; the settle in the corner; the scoured table; the sanded floor, and—the incongruity of a prim, modern work-basket, standing by the quaint, high-backed armchair.

This destroys the illusion. But for this, one might easily have slipped back a hundred years into the past by making that one step into Grandmother Ashton's kitchen.

But the work-basket is the property of Esther's mother; and Mrs. Garner's room, where she sits to-night with Grandmother, has more modern furnishings.

"Thee 'd better go to bed, Rachel, if thy headache is worse," says the soft, calm voice of the serene old Quaker lady as she pauses on the hearthrug, looking like a beautiful old picture in the firelight.

"I believe I would, Mother, only that Mat and 'Selda are out yet. Judson has gone for them. I heard him drive away." (She does not know it was Grandfather Ashton she heard.)

"That need not trouble thee, Rachel. I will see to thy children and put them to bed. They have had an afternoon of pleasure, I doubt not, with the Devine children."

"It is about the only place I care for them to go," says Mrs. Garner with a little sigh of anxious motherhood. "They are so pleasant and well brought up,—the Devine children, I mean—that I overlook the mile and a half one has to go to get to them. But I hope Judson will hurry."

"Judson is slow," answers Grandmother Ashton, peering out the window, "but very sure and careful, or we should not have employed him all these

years. He 's getting to be about fifty-five years old, is Judson."

Then she adds, "But thee 'd best go to bed, Rachel. Thee looks sick. Can't thee trust me with Mat and 'Selda?"

"I can trust thee with anything, Mother," answers Mrs. Garner, smiling up at the placid old countenance, "and I believe I will go. Where is Esther?"

"With thy father," answers Grandmother Ashton. "I left him preparing for his ride to Dale Junction. Thee knows he has to see Aaron Moss to-night about that property. It is a long ride."

So they talk together, little dreaming of what was transpiring below stairs.

Esther had come in and stood by the fireplace. How pleasant it was! She did not mind the wind that blew about the windows, rattled the shutters and swooped down the big old chimney. It only fanned the flame to a brighter glow; for the night was chilly for the last of May.

There was a queer sound outside the kitchen door,—a sort of thump and step,—and Esther looked up as it opened. "Why, Joe!" she cried, "however did thee come 'way down here to-night? And thee so lame, too."

Joe panted,—he was ten years old,—and dropped in the nearest chair.

"Thee is n't sick, Joe?"

"No—no," answered the boy.

"Thy mother—"

"No—no," said Joe, with an impatient wave as he got his breath. "Where 's your grandfather?"

"Gone away."

"Oh! Well, where 's Judson then?"

"I don't know where he is," answered Esther anxiously, thinking of Mat and 'Selda. "He ought to be here now to start after the children. They 're at Deacon Devine's."

"I know they be," said Joe, "and this is how I know it. I was up to the depot to-night when John Topham came on the train. You know him; he used to work here two years ago, and your grandfather turned him off because he was so ugly to the creturs."

"I know," answered Esther.

"Well, he acted 's if he did n't want anybody to know him nor speak to him, an' he hardly answered when the station-master called him by name. And I went along home a-thinkin' what had *he* come back for; an' pretty soon I met Judson, an' I says, 'Hello, Mr. Judson, father wanted me to ask you if you was a-comin' after the chickens that Mr. Ashton bought.' An' he says, 'Not to-night, Joe, because I 've got to hurry home and fetch Mat and 'Selda, that 's up to Deacon Devine's,

an' I have n't done all my arrants yet.' An' jest then I looked round, an' there was John Topham that had heard every word, an' his eyes was shinin' like the mischief, an' he sneaked around the corner as if he did n't want Judson to see him."

"Oh, do hurry!" said Esther, with a presentiment of what was coming.

"Well, when I came down to the next corner, I waited a bit, an' he passed me, a-mutterin' to hisself an' walkin' very fast, an' he says, says he, 'I'll have 'em sure this time; I'll have 'em sure.' An' all of a sudden, I'membered how, when he left the farm, he said he'd be revenged on your grandpa, though it do seem mean, don't it, to take it out o' the children? Now, where *do* you s'pose Judson is?"

"I don't know," said poor Esther, with a great pang of terror. She remembered John Topham very well, and how frightened she had been at his fierce gestures and extravagant threats on that April morning two years ago, when gentle old Grandfather Ashton had told him he could work there no longer. Brutality to animals was one of the cardinal sins in Grandfather Ashton's eyes, and the loss of a valuable Alderney and the lamming of a patient, hard-working black mare procured John Topham his "walking-ticket." Esther's bugbear, since that day, had been the unspoken fear that John would some time return to carry out his threat;—just in what way or by what means she could not imagine. And now her very heart was in her throat at thought of nine-year-old Mat and innocent little 'Selda.

"They wont start to come home alone, will they?" asked Joe.

"That's just what I'm afraid of; yes, I think they will," said Esther, wringing her hands. "It is growing so late, and Mat is so headlong and impetuous, he thinks he can take care of 'Selda all himself; and even if Thad Devine comes with them, he's only thirteen. What could he do against John Topham?"

Visions of John's big, burly frame and strong arms flitted before Esther's mind, and her thoughts went into a whirl. Polly gone with Grandfather, Dobbin with Judson,—Dhonabar left! A mile and a half by road to Deacon Devine's; only a mile by cart path over Ashton meadows. Not a wagon left, but Dhonabar was a magnificent saddle-horse, and she had learned to ride on old Polly.

"Say, what'll we do? where's your mother?" broke Joe's voice across her confused thought.

"Oh, we can't tell Mother, or Grandmother either," cried Esther distressfully. "What could *they* do?" She bound the old plaid shawl over her head and across her chest, tying the ends behind. "Don't make any noise," she said, beck-

oning to Joe as she caught up and lighted the lantern. And stifling as well as he could the sound of his crutch, the lame boy followed her flying footsteps to the barn.

He found her hanging the lantern on its nail, and pulling down, with might and main, her old side-saddle from its pegs. A heavy load it was for the slender figure, and Joe lent her such aid as he could.

"Why-ee, Esther! you'll be killed! They say Dhonabar is so ugly. Is n't there any other horse?" he asked.

"No other," answered Esther, standing still for a moment. Only for a moment.

Dhonabar was nearly asleep; he roused himself sullenly and opened his eyes as the slender hands reached under his nose to unfasten the halter-ropes.

"Back!" said the resolute, childish voice, and as Dhonabar came into the middle of the floor, Joe clambered fearfully half-way upon the loft-ladder.

Esther stood up in the old chair she used to mount by, slowly and painfully pushed the heavy saddle to its place, cruppered the motionless beast, and fastened the girths. She had purposely left the bridle till the last,—she used no martingale,—but as she approached Dhonabar's head, she saw she had made a mistake. The brute was thoroughly awake by this time. A sort of dull fire smoldered in his eyes, and he held his head very high up, quite beyond Esther's reach. I do not know but she would have faltered then, but a word from Joe spurred her flagging resolution.

"I'm 'fraid that man'll get there before you do, Esther."

The courage of desperation awoke in the child. With a rush she dragged the old chair under the brute's very nose, flung an empty egg-box upon it, and, bridle in hand, scrambled to the top of it.

Dhonabar's ears lay close to his head as the bits clashed against his sullen, closed teeth. If Esther had shown or felt one atom of fear, he would have trampled her under foot. As it was, he half opened his mouth to bite, but instead received the bit as Esther pushed it in. Dhonabar felt a sensation of slow astonishment at this small being who handled him so fearlessly. When she pulled his ears into place, he allowed them to stand up in their natural way, and stared at her with a perceptible softening of expression.

Esther dragged the chair about to one side, and was in the saddle before Dhonabar could realize it. From sheer force of habit he obeyed the rein, and walked slowly out of the barn.

"Shut the barn-door softly, Joe, so they wont hear it," she said, "and don't wait for me. There can never know how I thank thee, Joe, for coming to-night."

"Pooh! That 's nothin'," answered the boy, reddening with pleasure.

Then the dull beat of hoofs on the turf quickened, and the blackness of the night swallowed up the big black horse and the small rider.

Dhonabar's head was still very high; out of sheer sullenness he refused to put forth any speed. Esther was well-nigh distracted. She doubled up her small fist, leaned forward, and beat upon the black, glossy shoulder with might and main.

The insult of blows was too much for Dhonabar. He gave a fling and shake, took the bit in his teeth, and broke into a mad gallop. Not till then did Esther realize to the full the brute's great strength and her own weakness. She was really, however, a very good horsewoman; and as Dhonabar ran steadily and straight, she had no difficulty in keeping her seat. The cart path ended, she knew, in Deacon Devine's barnyard. The more speed,—the sooner there. With this thought she quieted her first thrill of fear.

And now, how the trees rush past! There, already, is the willow by the brook,—the gnarled old willow where she and the children often play,—now it is gone, and she hears above Dhonabar's rapid hoof-beats the rush of the stream. Now the reflection of the stars in the water passes like a flash, and Dhonabar with the next mad leap lands in the middle of the brook. There is a great splash and scramble. Esther clings fast. Up the opposite bank with a plunge and a bound go the big black horse and the dauntless little rider. Now the track winds down the long marshy meadows,—and now the stars shine out. Still on and on, with long, tireless leaps, past the frog-pond, around the hill where blueberries grow thick in summer, down into a reedy hollow and up a steep ascent to the bars where Deacon Devine's pasture-land begins.

Esther has counted on this hill to help her, but to her horrified amaze, Dhonabar tears up the rocky ascent with scarce abated speed. She looks ahead. The bars are up and — and — Dhonabar makes straight for them!

"I never learned to leap, on old Polly," murmurs Esther.

But she sees that her first lesson has come. All the old Ashton grit comes to her aid now; she settles herself firmly in her seat, takes a good grip of the reins, and the next instant feels as if launched bodily into space on the back of a Pegasus,—if, indeed, the little country maid ever heard of the wonderful winged horse. Then, with a jerk that almost unseats her, Dhonabar strikes ground again; the bars are behind them; the great horse and his small rider go tearing along the level pasture track. Esther looks ahead and becomes conscious of a big,

dark object looming up on the right,—Deacon Devine's cow-barn in the pasture,—and twinkling lights in the farm windows beyond. She is almost there.

Is she too late? she wonders anxiously; and in the next breath,—will she be able to stop the horse?

Is it imagination, or does Dhonabar's speed relax? He pricks his ears forward and snorts. Esther tightens the rein and speaks with an air and voice of authority. Dhonabar feels at first a sensation of astonishment that he is not yet rid of so insignificant a burden; then he flings up his head, shakes it, and slackens his pace!

For all that, he is not yet quite under control. But Esther feels encouraged; when right under Dhonabar's nose loom up the barnyard bars. Her body yields mechanically to the sway and rise of the powerful black body beneath her; and even in the instant of the leap, so rapid is thought, she feels a sensation of wonder at the strength of the mighty muscles that send Dhonabar plunging through the air. And then those bars, too, are passed, and there are the kitchen windows, golden-bright, with figures passing and repassing within, and voices approaching the outer door, which opens directly into the kitchen.

Will she be able to stop him? With all her childish strength she tugs at the rein, and, restively enough, he yields to the change of direction, and heads for the door.

At the very instant of reaching it, and just as Dhonabar concludes not to run his head blindly into the wall, the door opens; a flood of light pours out; there stand Mat and little 'Selda, with Deacon Devine's big boy, all hatted and shawled, and in attitudes of departure; the other children close behind, and the Deacon and his wife just bidding the little visitors farewell. Into this group, along with the clang of hoofs on the broad doorstep, and Esther's shriek of "Whoa, Dhonabar!" come the big black snorting head, with its wide, bright eyes, the panting breath like steam in their very faces, the mouth pulled wide by Esther's frantic grip, and dropping foam all over the broad black chest. For bars do not stop Dhonabar, and it looks as if house doors would not, either; since he is up one step and poised for another, and nobody knows why he hesitates on the very threshold of the kitchen. Yet he does hesitate, and so at that moment Esther's triumph is complete.

They all shriek and exclaim and retreat at sight of the black horse and the white, excited face of the little rider, as, shawl and hair blown back, she sits for one second a statue carved in living marble against the black background of night.

Then the statue shivers and drops the bridle

and cries out; and Deacon Devine, exclaiming "Why, what does this mean!" catches her as she slips in a limp state from the saddle. Being released, Dhonabar backs suddenly and morosely out of the way, and as nobody pays him the least attention, or tries to prevent him from running away, he

and his wife can learn from her the cause of all her troubles. When it is told, they look gravely at each other, not speaking.

And now comes a rattle of wheels, and Judson's voice says "Whoa, Dobbin!" and a moment later, "Bless my eyes, if here is n't Dhonabar!"



"WITH THE CLANG OF HIS HOOPS ON THE BROAD DOORSTONE, ESTHER EXCLAIMS 'WHOA, DHONABAR.'"

concludes it is n't worth while to run; and so remains quietly staring at them, as if sculptured in black marble.

"Oh! I'm in time! I'm in time!" cries Esther, sobbing violently, as she hugs puzzled Mat and 'Selda. Some time passes before the good deacon

Deacon Devine hurries out with the lantern.

Then all go to the door. There is more excited talk; and in the midst of it the evil man, who has been listening to it all from the lilac hedge at the fence corner, creeps silently away, through the starlight and shadow of that windy May night,

and goes back disappointed and baffled to town, seen by no one and hastened on by the wind. He was ashamed and afraid. He left on the early morning train. He did not stop at Upton, but disappeared, and nobody about Ashton Farm has heard of him to this day.

But Esther—quiet, resolute Esther—had saved the children and had conquered Dhonabar, though her good grandfather chided her daring, and, even in the midst of his caresses, trembled to think of that perilous ride.

Yielding to Esther's intercessions, Grandfather Ashton never sold Dhonabar; and it came to pass, after the roses of several Junes had bloomed in the roadside thickets, that Esther became a young lady, and used to ride often upon the big horse. And Dhonabar, in a strange, savage kind of way, always manifested an attachment for the child who had so fearlessly braved him. He was kept until he died peaceably of old age, in his stall, as a well-behaved horse should die; which was a much more respectable end than the village gossips prophesied for him.

## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

BY EDMUND ALTON.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### REFLECTIONS.

THERE are countless things in regard to our government that I must leave untouched. I have told you of the great principles underlying the system, but into all the intricate details I can not go. Within the space allowed, I have not been able to do full justice to the "Law-makers"; much less have I been able to treat of *all* the departments of government, the various lights and shades of national affairs, the myriad ramifications of the Law throughout the mighty structure of Society. Such an undertaking would have been indeed stupendous!

I have given you only a general idea—a mere "bird's-eye view"—of the duties, responsibilities, and privileges connected with the law-making power of the republic.

During my four years of service as a page in the Senate, I witnessed the two Houses of Congress in the exercise of nearly every one of the general and special powers and prerogatives conferred upon them by the Constitution. I started out with a vague intention to conduct you carefully over the ground I traversed as a page. But naturally enough, having once begun, I have asked you to stroll about with me in all directions. Thus I have wandered idly along, with much of the ground still unexplored; and yet, in my zigzag ramblings, I have called your attention to a variety of incidents and objects that came within our range of observation.

I have taken you upon the dome of the Capitol, conducted you through its mazy rooms and corridors, and led you down into the very caverns of

the earth. You have heard, in imagination, the halls of Congress echoing with the sounds of mirth, and you have seen them draped in black and hushed in the stillness of death. You have beheld laws made, a President inaugurated, statesmen and pages at their work and play. If, in my description of congressional scenes, I have in any place spoken in too light a vein, ascribe it to the fact that for the moment I regained the audacity of my youth; if I have anywhere been dry and uninteresting, charge it to the seriousness of maturer years.

That you might understand the importance of the trusts committed to Congress, I have explained the theory of our government—the simple delegation, by the people, of their sovereign authority, to three separate and distinct departments, each of which is, so far as necessary to the proper performance of its duties, made independent of the others, but with the officers of all three departments responsible to the people for the honest exercise of the power confided to them. I have not intended to disparage any of these departments. The functions of the Executive are of vital consequence. The trusts committed to the Judiciary are sacred. But in Congress are reposed the mightiest attributes of national sovereignty. The legislators voice the will of the people; it is for the President and the courts to see that those commands, when properly declared, are duly executed and obeyed.

If you should be in Washington at any time during the sessions of Congress, do not neglect to visit the Capitol. Listen to the deliberations of the Federal Law-makers. You may hear debates, perhaps grave, perhaps humorous,—you may witness scenes solemn or amusing, but do not form the

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erroneous impression that the moving panorama before your eyes is the acting either of a tragedy or of a farce. Remember, always, that the exercise of power is one thing, but that the power itself is something else. Although occasionally enlivened by incidents of humor and hilarity, the proceedings of Congress, as a whole, are serious, and they involve matters of the greatest moment to us all. It may be that there are those among its members who are unfit to discharge the duties of their office, and that the country would be better off without them; yet nearly all recognize their responsibilities, and seek to protect and promote our national interests and welfare. As one of the three departments of the Government, the Congress of the United States is entitled to profound regard; as an institution representing the majesty and guarding the liberties of the American people, it should be revered by every patriotic citizen.

A year ago, I visited Washington and took a glimpse about me. I had been absent only a few years; but how swift had been the changes of those years! The city itself had, as if by magic, been transformed into one of the fairest cities of the land. Mean-looking buildings had disappeared, and on their sites had risen palaces and dwellings worthy to be the abodes of princes and of kings. The muddy thoroughfares were no more; in their stead were miles of glistening concrete over which the carriages rolled without a jostle, and boys and girls glided joyously upon their bicycles and skates. Even the grand and venerable trees that had surrounded the Capitol, and in the shade of whose branches I had so often roamed, had fallen beneath the axe of the landscape artist. But here was a change that, in my humble opinion, was not an improvement.

I entered the Capitol, and noted everywhere the ruthless hand of Time. I went to the Upper House and looked in. All the officers were strange. No! Two forms I recognized. There they sat, one on each side of the Presiding officer, in the very same chairs, I suppose, about which I had so often frolicked. May they both live many years to grace that Chamber by their presence!

Then I scanned the Senate for the old Law-makers. But how few I found! Of the many Senators whom I had met during portions of three Congresses, there were but sixteen to be found;

of the seventy-four members belonging to that body when I first entered it as a page, only seven\* remained to answer to the roll.

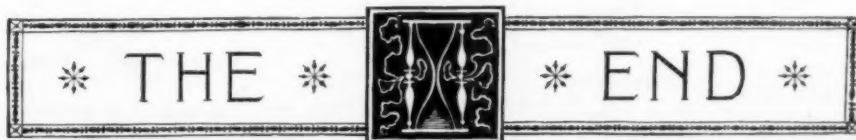
But there was another blow reserved for my feelings. The pages seemed a different order of beings. I met one of them and spoke to him with the air of a father. Had any visitor spoken to me in such parental fashion when I was a page, I would have withered him by a look! Yet this small fellow stood it, and in a mild and gentlemanly manner gave me all the information I requested. His statement was a revelation. Times had indeed changed!

Sadly I walked to the House of Representatives. I entered the gallery and gazed about me. I was among strangers. I knew that several of the old Representatives were still members, but I was unable to discern their faces in the turbulent crowd that thronged the floor. "Where," I mused, "are the legislators of the Forty-second, the Forty-third, the Forty-fourth Congresses?" I answered my own query. Some of them had been transferred to other spheres of public usefulness; others had withdrawn from the turmoil of business and retired to private life; many had gone to their eternal rest!

I remained in the Capitol for a short time to watch the proceedings of each House. The great work of legislation was going serenely on. The House was just as noisy; the Senate as efficient and industrious as in my time. My mind went back to that Monday in December, 1872, when I made my first appearance in Legislative Halls. I fancied that I heard a voice exclaim, "The Senate will come to order!" and that I was again a careless, happy boy. But it was only fancy. My reverie was broken by a touch. The visions of the past faded from my sight, and the reality of the present rose up before me. And yet, as I came away from the noble edifice and the scenes of my early joys and troubles, the same mysterious voice was ringing in my ears:

"Administrations terminate and Congresses expire as the years pass by, but the nation lives and grows and prospers, to be served in the future by those equally faithful to its interests and equally proud of its growing influence among the nations of the earth!"

\* Messrs. Bayard, Edmunds, Logan, Morrill, Ransom, Saulsbury, and Sherman. Senator Bayard has now become our Secretary of State.



## "MINUTE SKETCHES."\*

DRAWN BY ALFRED BRENNAN.



Pretty good  
for a minute.



Five little bald headed chaps  
stepping right along.



A good place  
to look out at.



That!



Soon down.  
Evidently.



A driving rain.



What's up?



Presumably  
of the French army.



a Clown-



Well! Well!



Little men



End of the powder-mill.

## THE BROWNIES' CIRCUS.

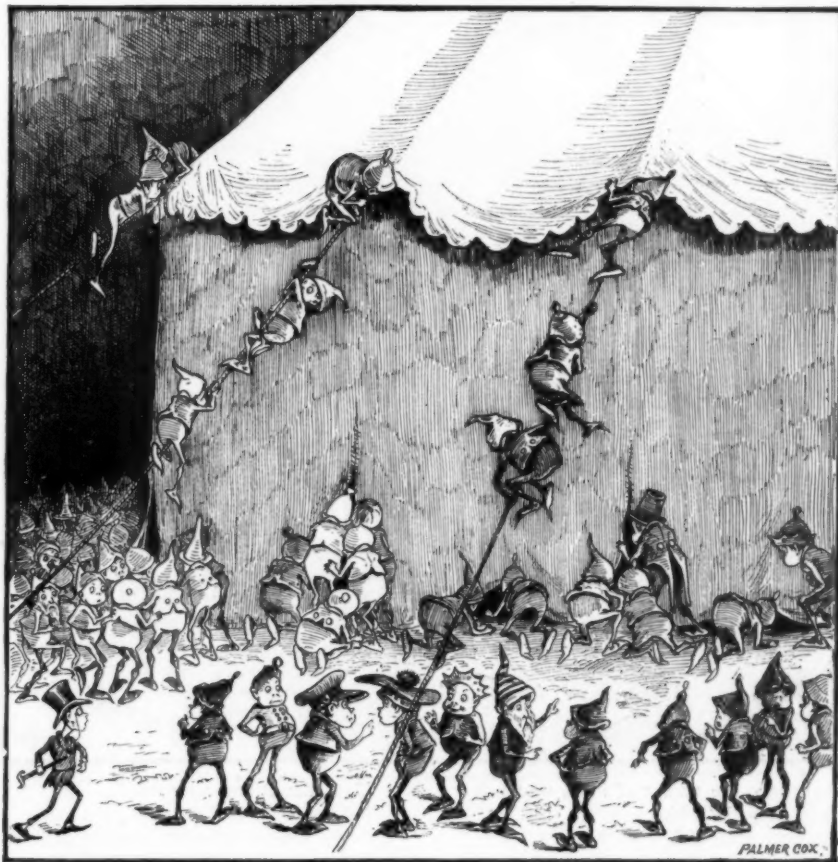
BY PALMER COX.

ONE night the circus was in town  
 With tumbling men and painted clown,  
 And Brownies came from forest deep  
 Around the tent to climb and creep,  
 And through the canvas, as they might  
 Of inner movements gain a sight.

Said one, "A chance we 'll hardly find  
 That better suits the Brownie mind;

And here, till morning light is shown,  
 We 'll have a circus of our own."

"I best," cried one, "of all the band  
 The elephant can take in hand;  
 I noticed how they led him round  
 And marked the place he may be found;  
 On me you may depend to keep  
 The monster harmless as a sheep."

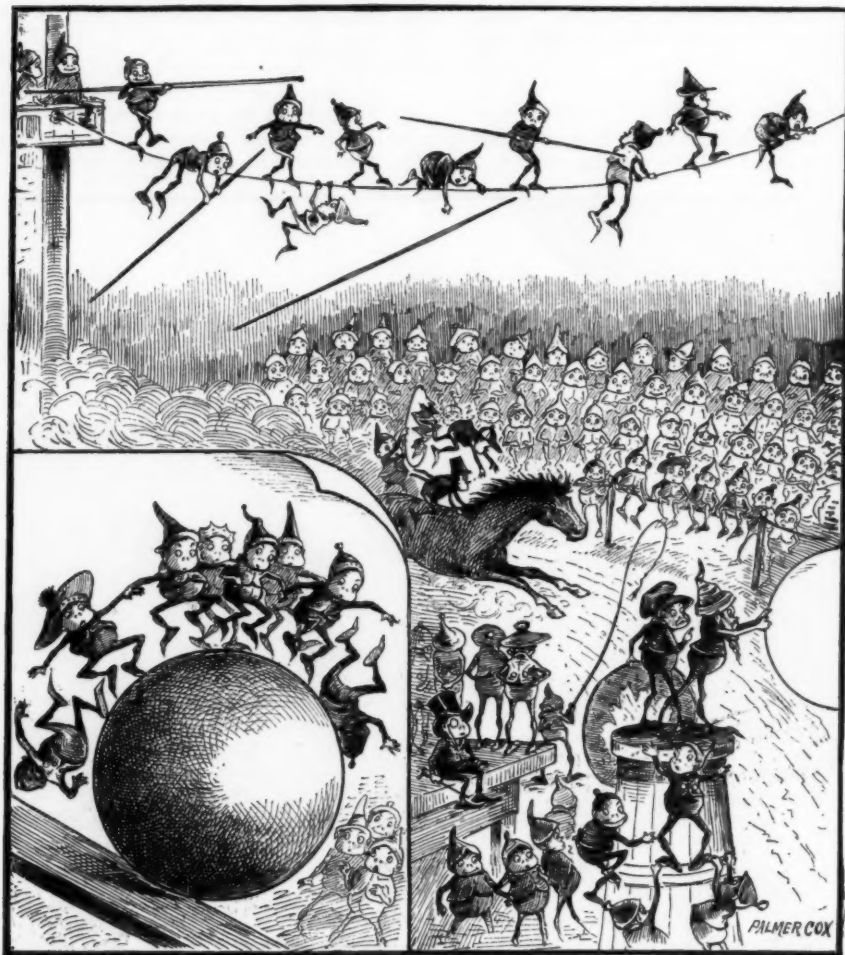


To-night when all this great array  
 Of people take their homeward way,  
 We 'll promptly make a swift descent  
 And take possession of the tent,

The laughing crowd that filled the place  
 Had hardly homeward turned its face,  
 Before the eager waiting band  
 Took full possession as they planned,

And round they scampered left and right  
To see what offered most delight.  
Cried one, "If I can only find  
The whip, I'll have a happy mind;  
For I'll be master of the ring  
And keep the horses on the spring,

The wire that not an hour before  
The Japanese had traveled o'er  
From end to end with careful stride,  
Was hunted up and quickly tried.  
Not one alone upon it stepped,  
But up by twos and threes they crept,



Announce the names of those who ride,  
And snap the whip on every side."  
Another said, "I'll be a clown;  
I saw the way they tumble down,  
And how the cunning rogues contrive  
To always keep the fun alive."

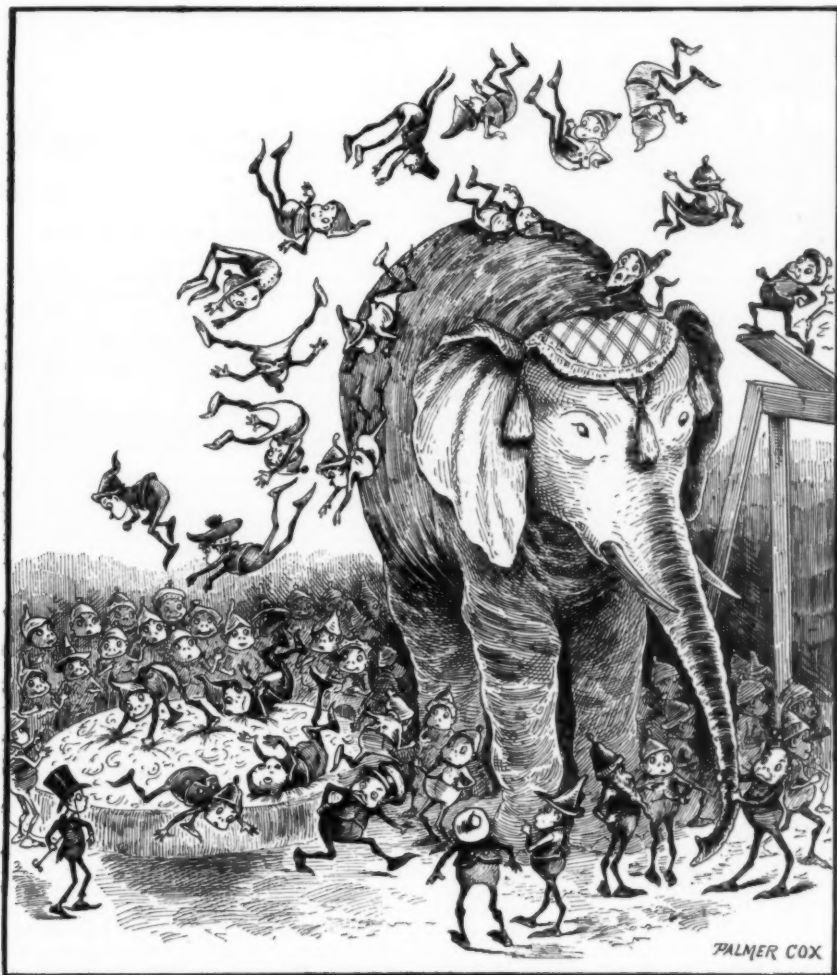
With such remarks away they went  
At this or that around the tent;

Until the strand appeared to bear  
No less than half the Brownies there.  
Some showed an easy, graceful pose,  
But some put little faith in toes,  
And thought that fingers, after all,  
Are best if one begins to fall.

When weary of a sport they grew,  
Away to other tricks they flew.

They rode upon the rolling ball  
Without regard to slip or fall;  
Both up and down the steep incline  
They kept their place, with balance fine,  
Until it bounded from the road,  
And whirled away without its load.

Their mystic power controlled the beast,—  
He seemed afraid to move the least,  
But filled with wonder, limp and lax,  
He stood and trembled in his tracks,  
While all the band from first to last  
Across his back in order passed.



They galloped round the dusty ring  
Without a saddle, strap or string,  
And jumped through hoops both large and small,  
And over banners, poles and all.

In time the elephant was found  
And held as though in fetters bound;

So thus they saw the moments fly  
Till dawn began to paint the sky;  
And then by every flap and tear  
They made their way to open air,  
And off through lanes and alleys  
passed  
To reach their hiding-place at last.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ABOUT this time of the year, my friends, Nature begins to stir, and soon the order comes—MARCH! Straightway the winds blow, the clouds divide and scatter, the trees rock, the dried grass flutters and struggles and tries to feel alive again; the ground begins to soften; the sunshine takes fresh heart; then a general mildness sets in, and we feel that Spring has arrived. This event, however, does not take place till Nature has been March-ing for about two weeks, which may or may not account for what the Little School-ma'am tells me. She says that, according to scientific records, the first of March is not the first day of spring, as many people suppose. This will not be news to all of you, my hearers, for it has been mentioned from this pulpit before, but I allude to it again in order to introduce gracefully a true account of certain

#### DANDELIONS THAT MADE A MISTAKE.

DEAR JACK: One of the pleasantest and odd-est sights to be seen in our neighborhood on a certain cold windy day, last year, in the dreary month of March, was a great cluster of dandelion blossoms. There they stood, as bravely and cheerfully, right in the midst of the huge, shining snow-drifts, as if the bright blue skies of May were above them, and warm, soft grasses crept about their slender stems. The old tumble-down mill, beneath the window of which they grew, was in a lonely, out-of-the-way sort of place, but they could n't escape from the bright eyes of children passing by, on their way to school. The shouts of delight with which the happy youngsters greeted these bold, daring strangers made the whole neighborhood ring.

And yet the blossoms were not so very brave, after all, for they never would have shown their golden heads at such an unheard-of time of year, if they had not made a funny mistake. It hap-

pened in this way: Through an opening in the side of the mill ran a steam-pipe, from which the warm water oozed and dropped all the time. At last it reached the roots of the plants, on which it fell, quickening into life the shivering, tiny things, down deep in their winter prison. "Why, surely," thought they, "summer is here earlier than we ever knew it to come before—we hardly know what to make of it all; but, really, this June sunshine is delicious! Let us put forth a few stray blossoms here and there, and spread out our green leaves just as fast as we can, for we're quite tired of this do-nothing sort of an existence."—And into life and activity they sprang. Poor little blossoms! they were not to blame, if they did mistake the heat from an ugly black steam-pipe for the warmth of a summer sun! Yours truly,

E. M. CASS.

#### STILL ANOTHER WEATHER-PROPHET.

DEAR JACK: You have told us much about weather-prophets lately, but there is one to whom you have not yet done justice. In a pleasant field lying just outside the village and near the woods, may perhaps be found the house of Professor Woodchuck; and he is a famous weather-prophet. The house is of good size, and the entrances to it are skillfully made to slant upwards, so that even the cunning wind can not find its way inside without permission. A home filled to overflowing with nuts, acorns, preserved fruits, and vegetables, bears witness that the Professor does not forget to make proper provision for his family.

In personal appearance, it must be admitted he does not resemble the ideal philosopher. He is short and thick, somewhat inclined to clumsiness, and his countenance has by no means an intellectual expression. Yet his face shows watchfulness, shrewdness, and caution.

In the autumn he may be seen almost any day, carefully surveying the landscape and the sky, and drawing conclusions as to the length and strength of the coming winter. So trustworthy are his prophecies that all the little animals of his acquaintance base their calculations as to winter stores upon his decisions. In the first week of February, he comes forth to take his spring observations. If the sun is shining so that he can see his own shadow, he concludes that six weeks more must elapse before the weather will permit spring trade to open; but if the sun is obscured and the wind is at rest, he decides that cold weather is nearly over and spring not far off. Throughout all the Middle States implicit confidence is felt in the Professor's opinion.

He has many friends and few foes. Among his acknowledged enemies is the dog; and when in summer he and his family set out for a romp through the clover-fields, he always posts sentinels to give warning of the approach of this adversary. Yet if he is obliged to meet the dog in open fight, he displays undaunted courage, and almost invariably either makes his escape or conquers his antagonist.

Yours truly,

JUSTINE B.

#### "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

THE Deacon wishes me to say that C. E.'s letter, which I showed to you in January, about "Life in a Snowflake," was sufficiently astonishing, but that he happened upon an item in a newspaper the other day which may perhaps cause you youngsters to resolve never to handle snow again. "Read for yourselves," says the Deacon: "A Swiss scientist, Floegel, is said to have found, in examining the residue from the evaporation of freshly fallen snow, living *infusoria* and *algae*, *bacilli* and *micrococci*, mites, diatoms, spores of 'fungi' (whatever all these Latin things may be), also fibers of wood, mouse-hairs, pieces of butterfly wings, skin of the larvæ of insects, cotton-fibers, pieces of grass, pollen-grains, rye and potato flour, grains of quartz, minute pieces of roofing-tiles, with bits of iron and coal. And still, poets continue to use snow as a symbol of absolute purity!"

And so it is, my dear Deacon—and so the young folk will agree. This special specimen of pure snow happened to have fallen through atmosphere in which those Latin things and the rest were floating, and so it carried them to the ground. I'll warrant you that if the snow-storm continued a few hours the later specimens were not so laden. No, sir. It was *mixed* snow. Dr. Floegel should have waited till the atmosphere was swept clean by the busy little messengers that sometimes come to port like white ships bearing varied cargoes.

#### ABOUT SOME COLORS.

PERHAPS some of my hearers may be interested in colors. Black is not a color at all, I hear. What do you think of that? Blue and yellow, they say, make green; the more blue, the darker the green; the more yellow, the paler. Other colors may be mixed, too, I understand. Will some of you, my hearers, tell me of these? "Is it not odd," said the Little School-ma'am the other day, "that the flower known as the pink is not always pink at all, but may be any one of many colors. And so of rose-color, too; of all the hues of roses, only one is called rose-color—a pretty pale-pink hue. 'Tyrian purple,' she went on, "known as such a thousand years ago, was really red—about the tint of our present mauve or solferino," and it was obtained from certain shell-fish that —

But, as I have no doubt some of you will wish to look up these matters, I shall leave the rest of the Little School-ma'am's talk until another time. I hope to hear further from you on this color question.

#### THE INK-PLANT.

POULTNEY, VT.

DEAR JACK: You asked in the June number of the *ST. NICHOLAS* if anybody could tell about the country where the ink-plant grows, so I thought I would answer you. It grows in New Granada, South America, and the juice needs no preparation to make it into ink. It is at first of a reddish color, but afterward changes to black.

Your interested reader,

E. G. RANDALL.

#### HOW TURTLES WINK.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR JACK: I had two snake-turtles, and both winked as J. L. S. said the common mud-turtle did. We could not keep them long, so we put them in the pond.

Your constant reader,

BERTHA W. S.

COULD N'T you stand their habit of winking, Bertha?

#### THE CANDLE-FISH.

PEOPLE do not get candles from water, as a rule, I believe, but nevertheless there was a time, the Little School-ma'am says, when men were indebted to the ocean for much of the light that made their homes pleasant at night. The best candles and oil of your forefathers' time came from whales, says the Little School-ma'am. She sends you a picture, this month, of a very remarkable light-giver, which is nothing more nor less than a small fish. This fish is so very oily that all you have to do, after it has departed this life, is to fasten it by its tail between two pieces of wood, touch a match to its head, and a pale flame will

arise from the fish's mouth that lasts until, like a candle, the fish is slowly consumed.

The useful fish, moreover, is a very important one to people living on the north-western coast of North America. At certain seasons the candle-fishes swarm the bays and rivers in vast numbers, and every native man, woman, and child is engaged in capturing them. And how do you suppose they catch them? They actually comb them in. The boats drive them in shore, where each native, armed with a gigantic weapon with teeth eight inches long, sweeps or combs them up by the hundred.



WRITING BY THE LIGHT OF CANDLE-FISHES.

When the boats are loaded full, the fish are carried ashore, where women and children take charge of them. After being dried and smoked, they are ready for candles. They are also used as food, and in that case the oil is tried out and put away for winter use.

But where do you suppose these natives find bottles in which to stow the oil away? The Little School-ma'am says they find their bottles also in the sea. Far down at the bottom of the cold Pacific grows a great weed with a hollow stem. This the natives in some way manage to obtain; they then cut it into lengths of about three feet each, and stop up the ends with fish-skin. And so they obtain light, food, and bottles from that excellent provider, Old Ocean.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

FOR the benefit of those young readers who may not have studied French, we give below the pronunciation (as nearly as it can be rendered in English) of the names of the principal artists mentioned in Mrs. Clement's article on "French Painters," which opens this number of ST. NICHOLAS. These are, in the order of mention: *Poussin* (Pu-san); *Gelle or Lorraine* (Zhal-lai, Lor-rain); *Jacques Louis David* (Zhak Lu-e Dah-veed); *Antoine Watteau* (Ahn-twahn Wat-toh); *Jean Baptiste Greuze* (Zhan Ba-teest Gruzz—u as in but); *Vernet* (Vair-nay—ai as in hair); *Le Brun* (Le-Brûn—u as in urge); *Ingres* (Angr); *Hippolyte Delaroche* (Hip-po-leet Del-ah-roach); *Delacroix* (Del-ah-crwah).

The final paper of this series, entitled "Stories of Arts and Artists," will appear in an early number, and will relate to English painters.

THE "minute sketches" by Mr. Brennan on page 388 of this number are especially interesting from the fact that each one was made in a minute or less time, and without any previous idea, in the artist's mind of what he wished to make. These instantaneous effects are sometimes very comical and often quite striking. The "five little bald-headed men," for instance, were made from five ink-blots; the "French soldier's head," from six; the "powder-mill" grew from a finger-blot; and just think of making such a seeming array as that "lot of little men" out of straight lines and in less than a minute!

These sketches only prove how quickly an artist's brain and hand can work, and they are full of suggestions for any boy or girl who is handy with a pen.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON, S. E.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nearly all the letters in your Letter-box come from American or English children, but I should like you to know that some African children also are very fond of your magazine and the lovely stories. I and my brothers and sisters were all born at the Cape of Good Hope. We are now in England at school, but we like the Cape best, because there we nearly always have beautiful bright weather. I never saw snow until I came to England. We generally have picnics at Christmas, because it is too hot to dance. I read with pleasure "The African New Year's Card." I have often eaten prickly-pears: they are very nice, but such a trouble to peel, on account of the hundreds of tiny thorns.

I am your constant reader, BERTHIE HELEN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are a little boy and girl who live in the country nearly all the year round. We want to tell you about our pets; we have two lambs, a flock of fantail pigeons, two dogs, and a pony. The lambs' names are Gambol and Buttercup, and the pony's is Merrylegs, and the dogs' names are Duke and Trix. We hope this will be printed, as we have a little sister, and our mother, who will be very glad to see it. We have just received the January number.

MAYFLOWER and QUINCE.

ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been longing for ages to write a letter to you; and now that I have the opportunity, I will tell you how much pleasure you give, not only me, but also some dear little children far away in New Zealand, where they have such few books, to whom I forward your delightful magazine, when I have simply devoured its pages. I have taken other very interesting papers, but there are none that, in my estimation, come near to your charming ST. NICHOLAS. I did enjoy Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories" so very much, but am now deep in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "From Bach to Wagner," which latter is both the instructive and amusing combined. So, with three hearty cheers for ST. NICK, and a very long life to it, I shall now sign myself,

Your very devoted reader, "LOUISE —"

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps it may amuse the readers of your magazine to know what two little Quebec girls once did.

The girls were cousins, and they were always anxious to do something toward making little beggar children, or any poor children, happy. So one winter a very rich uncle of theirs came to their home to spend Christmas. "Well, Dora and Jessie, what would you like for Christmas?" said he a week or so before that happy festival. But neither girl could decide, until the next day, and they told their uncle that no present would make them as happy as if he gave them money enough to give a dinner to the poor children of

the neighborhood. Of course Uncle Richard let them have their way, and they had the satisfaction of seeing ten poor little wails seated around a bountifully spread table on Christmas Day. Now I will say good-bye. My cousin "D." sends her love; for she takes you.

Yours sincerely, J. E. M.

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think horses and colts are very interesting animals.

We have a colt by the name of Billy. He rings a bell for his supper and shakes hands. If we drop a handkerchief, he will pick it up and bring it to us; or, if we hide it he will find it. To pay him, we give him some corn or oats.

One evening Uncle gave him some oats for supper that he did not like. He began looking around as if in quest of something. At last he found a piece of white cloth, which, I suppose, he took for a handkerchief. He brought it to Uncle, and looked up into his face with an expression that seemed to say: "Here is your handkerchief: now give me some good oats." Your interested reader,

M. I. C.

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR COMPANION ST. NICK: I am a little boy, six years old. When I am at home I live in Camptown, a very small settlement in Idaho. We moved there from Pittsburgh. My Mamma re-wrote this after I composed it. Please print this letter. My sister Anna said you would not publish a letter from a little boy, and I want to show her that you will. Your loving little reader,

WINNIE DE —

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a brother who is thirteen, and two sisters, one eleven, one four, and I am nine. We take you, and all enjoy you very much. Your new continued story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is very nice, and I always read it first. "Christmas Every Day" was very funny, but I am sure I would not like to be the little girl; for she must have got sick of the presents. I read a great many of the letters, and like them very much. In one of them a little girl said she gathered some roses on the 17th Dec. That seems so queer! Your constant little reader,

C. B. O.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading the January number, and think it very interesting. I want to tell you about our club; perhaps some other little girls would like to have one like it. We got the idea from Miss Alcott's "Little Women." Each member contributes so much a month to buy necessities. Our meetings are weekly, and we write a paper to read at them. We do not have

time to compose our stories, so we copy a great many of them from ST. NICHOLAS. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and am anxious to hear more about him.

Your constant reader, L. W.

MACON, GA.

ST. NICHOLAS: I am a constant reader of your paper, and in looking over some old numbers of it, I found, in an August number, an article on "Coasting in August." The writer seemed quite surprised when she first saw such coasting. But the summer is the only time we can coast here.

In and around Macon there are long hills, and some of them are covered with pine-straw, which is so smooth and slippery that no tallow is needed. And then another good thing about it is that it stands a large amount of sliding before wearing out, and when it is all worn, a few days will suffice to repair the place if left alone.

Yours, etc., W. B. F.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy about ten years old. I used to have a great many pets. I have not any now. I had two cats, called Victoria and Bismarck. I also had a dog called Gip. They were very friendly, indeed: once in a while they would

Hotel, Golden Gate Park, the numerous cable cars, the private residences, and the schools will each and all testify that California is the pride of the West.

The eternal snows of the Sierra Nevadas, the orange groves of Los Angeles, the uniform temperature of San Francisco, the many and varied pleasure resorts, combined, bring invalids, tourists rich and poor, by the thousands to this coast. And the ST. NICHOLAS helps many children and adults to enjoy themselves.

Without doubt, many of your readers are enjoying themselves by playing in the snow. Where I am, the hills are green with grass that has been growing since October, and the sun is rapidly drying the streets. It has snowed here three times in twenty years. Out in the garden are blooming violets, nasturtiums, roses, anemones, geraniums, marguerites, lilies, jasmine, heliotrope, California wild currants, marigolds, fuchsias, bridal-wreath, mint, and camellia japonica. This may seem strange to you, but it is common in California; geraniums being used as evergreens in making hedges.

I remain,

Your Californian friend,

EDITH N. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mabel thinks "Davy and the Goblin" is a splendid story; and I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. I hope the end will not come for a long time.

From your little friend,

ETHEL S. L.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

have a fight; it always wound up with Gip running away: the two cats would always follow him. The cats could never get along without me; even the dog would go whining around to find me. The minute I appeared they would come running up as fast as they could go. I must say that I think ST. NICHOLAS always has nice stories in it. I wish you would please print my letter, for I shall look for it. Your constant reader,

JACK BUTLER.

NAPA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On Christmas-day, 1876, a friend gave me a volume of ST. NICHOLAS, and since that time I have been your constant reader, though school duties prevent my reading everything found within your covers.

I live in California, forty miles north of San Francisco. It is admitted by all who have visited that city of seven hills, that the children are the healthiest and best looking to be found in the country.

Many persons in the Atlantic and Southern States think that Californians are ignorant, uncivilized, and heathen, and that gold-dust is as common as flour. It is true that gold-dust in the form of coins takes the place of paper currency; but if any one doubts our education and civilization, let him come to San Francisco.

The bay is full of vessels from all countries, while ferry and river boats are crossing it continually. The tall brick buildings, the Palace

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. I have two little baby brothers; one of them gets mixed up when he is talking. Once he was trying to say pin-cushion, and he said kun-pincheon! It was too funny for anything!

Your friend and constant reader, HERMAN NELSON STEELE.

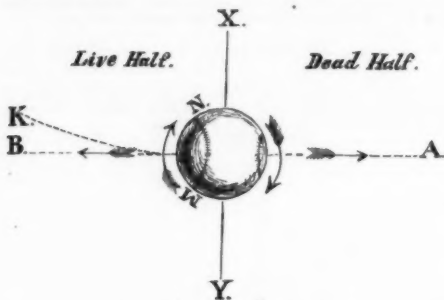
CURVED PITCHING ONCE MORE.

FRANKLIN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your Christmas number, I noticed a letter written by Arthur Dart, who is inclined to be skeptical when told that a base-ball can be made to "curve" when thrown in a certain way, and seems to think that the author drew on his imagination in that clever story, "How Science Won the Game," when he brought out the hero as a "curve-pitcher." Several years ago, I thought, as Arthur does to-day, that it was impossible to make a ball curve, and when one of my "chums" said he had seen it done, I laughed at him; but he insisted so strongly that when I went home I asked my father. He was an old-time player, and when he said it was impossible to make a ball "curve," that settled it with me.

Then I was certain my friend had been deluded. Not long afterward, however, I saw a game between two professional clubs, and as I sat directly back of the catcher, and could see the ball from the time it left the pitcher's hand, there was no longer any doubt in my mind about a ball being made to "curve." Moreover, I learned myself, after weeks of hard practice, to throw a curve ball, and many times since then have had the satisfaction of "striking out" hard hitters, who were unused to "curves." "What causes a ball to curve?" is a question asked by many, and I would offer the following original explanation:

When a ball is thrown through the air, the resistance of the air is only on one-half of the surface, that is the half facing the direction the ball is thrown. The other part of the ball may be considered as the "dead half."



Suppose the ball is thrown from A to B, and given a rapid rotating movement on its axis, as indicated by the arrows (accomplished by "holding" and "delivering" the ball a certain way), the resistance then is only on the "live half," which is rotating from M to N; hence it is seen that the ball will be influenced by this, and will be constantly moving from a true line curving toward K, and will describe a portion of a circle.

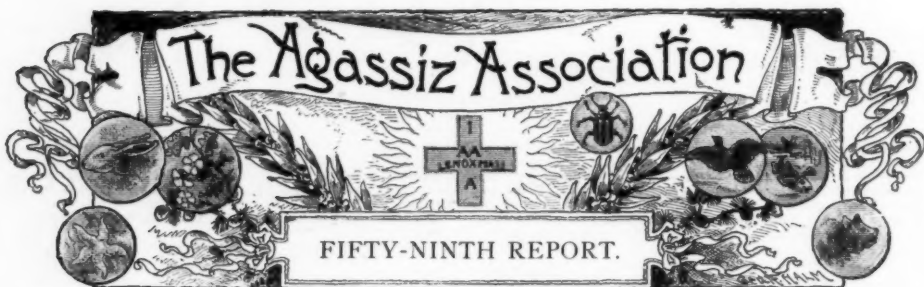
This was the explanation I offered to my father, who still insisted that it was merely a theory, and could not be demonstrated. So one summer afternoon a number of my boys prevailed upon him to join

us in a game of base-ball. Now, a great many years before this, Father had been a member of a local club, which "had downed every club it ever played," as he said, and so he had made up his mind to show us youngsters a "thing or two." When he stepped up to the "home" plate ready to strike, it was with determination to show us that our so-called curves were simply optical illusions which he would soon dispel. I was the pitcher, and the first ball I threw was a slow "out-curve" (that is, it curved away from the striker:—curves are designated as "outs," "in-shoots," "drops," and "raise"). Father drew back the bat and struck at the ball as though he would knock the cover off, but he missed it. He tried again and again, but could not even make a "foul tip"; so finally he gave up and consented to watch for a short time from behind the catcher, but was soon convinced that a curve ball was not an optical illusion, but an accomplished fact. After a short time he started slowly home, but, as he left us, he said: "Well, boys, you are right; the game is getting too scientific for me, and I guess my base-ball days are over." And, in truth, so they were. Yours truly,

J. EDWIN TAYLOR.

THE young friends whose names are given below, will please accept our sincere thanks for the pleasant letters which we have received from them:

Lida B. Graham, Bessie W. Pratt, Lin Peterson, W. H. MacLay, Mattie Greene, Edith E. Andrews, Ellen B. Wickersham, Charles Weber, Grace Bidwell, Sue Elise Stuart, E. P., N. M. P., Bancroft Gherardi, Louisa Guernsey, Perry C. Hill, Elsie D., Fannie Ludlow, Ethel B. B., J. A. C. K., Marion and Frank Mellen, Amos F. Barnes, R. Winchester, H. A. K., Helen S. and Helen G., Rita E. Lord, Charles Wright, Roy Parkhurst, Edward Balkan, Bessie B. A., Mattie Clark, Mabelle, Lloyd and Howard F., B. F. T., Olive and Eva P., Flora A. Skinner, Grace Fleming, Wallace Durant, C. G., Helen L. Soule, Maud G. and Leslie E., Audry Raymond, Ida E. and Hattie W., Minnie E. Waite, Hattie and Mattie, Maytie Crane, Grace Cameron, Sam C. Moffat, Agnes B. James, "Florence," Winnie Sheldon, Robert Richardson, M. S. Lukens, Francis MacKenzie, Annie M. Graves, Minnie Spencer, Rubie Foley, Lucie Ward, Nora Ashmead, Emma Weeks, "Pussie," Jessie Katherine Mac, Jack H., Eugene M. Mitchell, Eleanor Seney Lutes, M. J. R., Nettie Johnson, Edith H. J., Julian W. Farnsworth, Leigh Bierce, Helen D. Kelly, Hattie F. and Mary C. Evans.



AMONG the important events to be noted in this report is the publication, by the Fitchburg, Mass., Chapters, of a handsome pamphlet containing a "Catalogue of the Phanerogamous and Vascular Cryptogamous Plants of Fitchburg and vicinity." The work of making this catalogue has not been done exclusively by members of the A. A., but by the students of the Fitchburg High School, assisted by Professor E. A. Hartwell, their science teacher. The number of specimens named is eight hundred and sixteen. We regard the publication of this pamphlet as an "important event" in the records of our Association, for it is a substantial contribution to science, and proves that boys and girls can do good, thorough work.

#### STATE ASSEMBLIES.

THE union of the Chapters of cities, counties, or States into assemblies, having their own officers and by-laws, will, it seems to me, be the next great step in our growth as a society. The remarkable success of the Philadelphia and Iowa assemblies, for example, proves that great good and strength come from such union. The organization of the entire Association is necessarily elastic and generous in the extreme, and our constitution is so broad and simple as to include almost every student of anything directly or remotely connected with nature, from entomology to astronomy. The smaller organiza-



tions of city or State assemblies can profitably work under stricter rules, be more variously officered, and have more frequent conventions.

The purpose which such assemblies will serve is to band together, look after, stimulate, and perpetuate the Chapters which, though near in space, might otherwise remain comparatively isolated. These two assemblies may prove of great importance as attractive centers for the biennial conventions of the whole Association. Here again I must repeat the caution, that there is only one Agassiz Association, and it is quite out of order for any single "Chapter" to speak of itself as "The Blanktown Agassiz Association," or to foster the notion that there are nearly a thousand of these "Associations" scattered throughout the world. We use the word "Association" in the sense of "an affiliation of local societies or clubs."

These local societies are branches or "Chapters" of "The A. A.," and should always be so designated, especially in any printed account of their proceedings.

#### THE RAINBAND.

DR. H. P. NOTTAGE, President of Chelsea, Mass., Chapter, desires the addresses of any who are interested in the spectroscopic observation of the "rainband," or in the spectroscopy generally.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

I. BOTANICAL. 1. No. 2. *No answer.* 3. The rings of a beet indicate the number of leaves borne by the plant. 4. The heart of an old exogen is never alive, but that of an old endogen is. 5. A head of scarlet berries on the spadix. 6. In selecting edible mushrooms, avoid—*a*, bright colors; *b*, those that change color when broken; *c*, those that have a milky juice; *d*, those that are delicate; *e*, those that have a repulsive odor or an acid taste; *f*, those that have a ring around the bottom of the stem; *g*, those that have warts on the upper surface of the pileus. Above all, do not risk your life until you have learned all the distinctions from a living teacher. 7. Thirty-three. 8. A red berry, five-lobed, many-seeded, depressed.

II. ENTOMOLOGY.—1. An animal:—Branch, *Arthropoda*; class, *Insecta*. The body has three divisions:—*a*, Head. *b*, Thorax. *c*, Abdomen. It has six legs, and passes through a metamorphosis. It is called "insect," because the parts are so segmented. 2. By means of spiracles on each side of abdomen, which lead to tracheae, which ramify to all parts of the body. 3. Not insects—the body is divided into only two segments, and has eight legs. They are *Arachnida*. 4. Fly, 2. Bee, 4. 5. A glutinous fluid exudes from a small ball between its claws. 6. They do not turn over; they leave the line of upward flight, and when the ceiling is reached turn half around. 7. Mosquitoes, butterflies, and other insects. 8. *Not answered.*

III. MINERALOGY.—1. Minerals are the individual constituents of rocks. 2. Quartz. 3. Gold, iron or aluminum. 4. By *Agua regia*. 5. Decomposed feldspar, called kaolin. 6. A preventive of intoxication. 7. The color shown when the mineral is scratched, or the color of its powder.

IV. ORNITHOLOGY.—1. The largest woodpecker is the *Campoplex*, or the majestic ivory-billed woodpecker. It is nearly the same size as the common crow (*Corvus frugivorus*), measuring on an average about twenty inches from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail. It is so called because of the long white bill, the nostrils of which are concealed by large nasal tufts. The male is larger than the female; his crest is of a beautiful scarlet color faced with black; in the female the crest is wholly black. He is easily found in the Louisiana swamps. The colored folk and the 'Cadians call them by the peculiar name of "woodcock." 2. If we except (as we have to) the Texas beardless fly-catcher (*Ornithium imberbe*) and the little buff-breasted fly-catcher (*Mitrophanes fulvifrons*), the eggs of which are unknown, the smallest fly-catcher is *Euphonia minimus*, or the "Least fly-catcher," whose eggs measure 0.60 in. to 0.65 in. long, and average 0.65 in. by 0.51 in.; there are 2 to 4, white, normally unmarked, rarely speckled. 3. The nest of the "phebe" is composed of mud, grass, moss, etc., lined with hay and feathers,—a nest which the majority would call pretty. "The typical nest is affixed to the side of a vertical rock over water, often itself moist or dripping." It builds anywhere about houses and barns now. 4. The genus *Lanius* is remarkable for its cruelty, rapacity, and its singular habits. It decoys birds by imitating the notes of suffering birds, and then when they are near him, it swoops down upon its prey. I have often read, and have also heard it stated, that the shrike after eating his meal, if he has a surplus, generally impales the victim upon a thorn or other sharp point, much the same as the "jay-bird" stores its food in a hole. Although they belong to the *Passeres*, they have a beak adapted to tearing flesh, as in the raptorial birds. 5. The catbird (*Mimus Carolinensis*), like his first cousin, the mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottus*), is a great mimic, and stands next the mockingbird in his ability to imitate. The different notes and songs of this bird are impossible to describe, but its own individual note is a harsh cry somewhat resembling the mew of a cat; hence its name.

The best set of answers in Ornithology is given above, and comes from Percy S. Benedict (aged 14), Sec. of Ch. 331, New Orleans. The best papers on other topics were received from Ch. 448, Wash-

ington (G), among which one by G. Du Barry deserves mention. Miss Julia C. Loos, Fred Crane, of Ch. 891, Schenectady, N. Y., Geo. A. Briggs, Howard L. Morehouse, Miss Jennie Judge, Miss Mamie Mockler, and Charles Upson Clark.

#### REPORTS OF CHAPTERS 1-100.

We shall now listen to the reports from our first century, only premising that while from the nature of the case more have fallen out from the ranks in this than in later centuries, yet those that remain rank among the strongest and best branches. We shall take little time for our *Lenox Chapter, No. 1*.—We are active, and pleasantly engaged in studying minerals. The Central Collection is large, valuable, and growing. We are limited by vote to six active members, but have, of course, a wide and delightful circle of corresponding members. Most of our energies are devoted to the general work of the Association, sometimes to the neglect, it is to be feared, of our local interests.

8, *Philadelphia (A)*. Since our coming together last fall, we have prospered; all the meetings have been fully attended, and the Chapter is on a much stronger footing than last year. We have now taken up mineralogy and astronomy, which we find very interesting. One of our members has given us a fine cabinet.—Howard Crawley, Sec. 11, *Berwyn, Pa.* Sickness, death, and removals have interfered sadly with our plans, and we are reduced to our original membership within our own family. It meets with no further success, I can say that it has proved of inestimable value to our children, who one and all have learned to love and study Nature mainly through the organization of the A. A.—John F. Glosser.

[But this Chapter, which the A. A. can not afford to lose, will meet with further success, as this extract from a later report shows: "Report Berwyn Chapter as still active!" ]

18, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*. Limited means, facilities and especially time, have opposed us, but we have no thought of giving up. We are taking ST. NICHOLAS now, for the first time, and do not feel so isolated. We are engaged upon the frozen forms of water, making drawings of snow and ice crystals, studying the pictures of frost, and the philosophy of frozen water.—Myron E. Baker, Sec.

[No better suggestion could be offered to any Chapter that feels "isolated!" ]

20, *Fairfield, Iowa*. One of the members of this Chapter observed a bee caught in a spider's web. A "yellow-jacket" came up, and gnawed its head, abdomen, wings, and legs off from the thorax, with which it flew away. I have never before known of these insects, feeding their young on anything but spiders. Has any one?—C. C. Trine, Curator.

23 (A), *Castle Bank, Stroud, Gloucestershire, England*. During the year 1885 our Chapter has shown more interest than ever in the study of Natural Science. The meetings have been well attended and held regularly. We have come to the conclusion that it is better to take one branch of Natural Science and study it all together, than for each member to have a separate study. We have been trying to learn something about Botany during the spring and summer months, and have also begun to make a list of the flowers growing in our neighborhood. We have entered nearly three hundred names of flowers we are quite sure have been found, in a book kept for the purpose. This book contains the names of all the natural orders and families, with a space to enter all species of flowering plants growing in Great Britain. During the winter we are going to study Entomology. Eight members have undertaken to give an account of the eight principal orders, each taking one, and giving an outline of the peculiarities of the order, the different families, and some species belonging to each. We have been advised to study Botany without the help of any books. I think we have made a mistake in depending too much on the help we get from them, and neglecting to use our eyes. In the early part of the New Year we are going to have an entertainment, when all the specimens we have ourselves and all we can borrow from friends will be exhibited; there will be some music, and two or three papers will be read. Our "Question and Answer Book" has been kept up well throughout the year, and has proved very useful.

Our Chapter wishes you the compliments of the season and would like to take this opportunity of saying how useful the reports in ST. NICHOLAS have been, and of thanking you for the trouble you have taken to help us through the past year.—G. Ruegg, Cor. Sec.

24, *Mattapan, Mass.* We are now succeeding in interesting the members in our work. We desire correspondents. Any one who can describe to us the Fauna or the Flora of the place where he or she lives, is invited to address us.—Mary C. Lovering, Sec.

27, *Pittsburgh (A)*. I can assure you that we keep the lamp burning, no matter how faint the glimmer may sometimes appear. I begin to realize the importance of talking more and more about our A. A. to outsiders, if for no other reason, in order to keep in their minds the memory of the great Christian scientist. In our new library we have a large window, partly of stained glass. In the middle we have a head of Agassiz, and on either side symbols of the Arts and Sciences.—R. H. Mellon, Sec.

29, *Philadelphia (B)*. In its earlier history, our Chapter was earnestly industrious, and two or three of us can still be depended

on for its reorganization. We, whose privilege it was to undertake the arrangements for the first convention will, of course, be ready to aid the Iowa State Assembly in all ways in our power.—Edwin A. Kelley, Sec. Philadelphia Assembly.

48, *Fitchburg, Mass.* One member has now formed an herbarium of about 650 species. We have discovered several new varieties of plants and one new kind of violet, which we call the *V. parva*. It is described as follows: Leaves, serrulate, or large crenate, elliptical acute, tapering at base into a wingless petiole longer than the blade. Plant 1-2' slightly pubescent. Petals, beardless, obtuse, lower one deep purple, but white at apex; one or more stained light-blue by this purple one, which is opposite to them, the rest white with purple veins. Corolla, very small 1-4'. Muddy shores of Robbin's Pond, Rindge, N. H. This resembles the *V. lanceolata* more than any other species, but can easily be seen to be much different. I should be glad to hear whether any one else has found it.—Arthur B. Simonds.

58, *Philadelphia (D).* We are making wonderful progress. We have fourteen members, and our meetings seem to be very attractive, for we always have several visitors. We have purchased a black-board, and we have also the nucleus of a library, in which, besides books, the greatest care is taken of papers read by our members. Under the head of "miscellaneous," we have lectures by the various members. The Chapter is divided into sections on Geology, Entomology, Botany, Mineralogy.—Jos. McFarland, Sec.

64, *Cedar Rapids (A)* grants you a glance at its year-book,—a retrospect of plans formed and carried out, of progress in its various studies, and decided advancement in its work.

We devoted the first seven months to "The Microscope and its revelations," studying from nature as far as possible. In August we took up entomology, ornithology, and botany, and will continue our research in these three branches for some months to come.

Several of our members formed themselves into a "Lian County Investigation Committee," and explored a large part of our county, reporting the fruits of their expeditions to the society.

We have spent over a hundred dollars in the purchase of instruments and in increasing our facilities for scientific research; have entertained the Second Annual Meeting of the Iowa Assembly of the Agassiz Association, and have increased our library by the addition of several volumes, and our collection by several hundred specimens.

We now possess a collection numbering several thousand specimens, illustrating nearly every branch of Natural Science; which, with our library, microscope, and accessories, enables us to study to considerable advantage.

The enthusiasm imparted by the meeting of the Iowa Assembly of the Agassiz Association, held here last August, has done much for us, and we are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the next, to be held next August, at Davenport, the same week as the National Convention.

In behalf of the Iowa Assembly, I extend to the members of the A. A. an earnest invitation to be present next August, and help make the Second National Convention a grand success.

Yours in the A. A.,

E. P. Boynton, Cor. Sec. Chap. 64.

Pres. Iowa Assembly of the A. A.

65, *Wiesbaden, Germany.* Our traveling Chapter is split up. In France a want of butterflies and here a want of time have prevented much collecting, and more than half the specimens we did secure were tipped over by the servant and destroyed. If we follow a rare specimen into a field we are liable to arrest.—Kenneth Brown, Sec.

87, *New York (B).* This has been the most prosperous year of our existence. Our Annual Exhibition proved very successful. The first evening was entirely devoted to receiving the members of our neighboring Chapters of the A. A. The exhibition caused some of our members to desire to study special branches of Natural History. We have had twenty-three lectures and discussions. Enjoyable excursions have been made to Croton Lake, and elsewhere; moth-hunts have been made in East New York, and more actual work has been done than ever before. Many kind gifts have been received, of which 600 botanical specimens from Dr. Miller, and 183 specimens of shells from Mr. Lindsay, deserve special mention. The library has increased surprisingly. But the hiring of our present hall is the realization of the object for which we have been most longing. Here we can spend the cold winter evenings in a warm and pleasant room, having the easiest access to our library, and can quietly work at our specimens. Hoping that 1886 may be marked by still harder work, I respectfully submit this report.—J. F. Groth, Sec.

91, *Buffalo, N. Y. (A).* The fourth annual report which Chapter 91 has had the privilege of sending to Lenox, is forwarded at the beginning of this New Year, from a hopeful band of workers, who look back upon the past twelve months' study with interest and profit, and forward to the next year's efforts with pleasure.

Our members at present number thirty-four, sixteen of whom are active, fourteen passive, and four honorary. The meetings during the year have been held regularly, with but few exceptions, on Friday evenings, and the order of exercises has consisted of scientific committee reports; an essay, discussion, debate or microscopic exhibition, observations, questions, miscellaneous science, and necessary business. In addition to the regular weekly meetings, we have celebrated during the year our fourth birthday as a Chapter of the A. A., have given a microscopic reception to our friends and the

other members of the Buffalo Association; have held a pleasant meeting in memory of Agassiz on May 28th; and have enlivened the monotony of the regular work by occasional socials. Besides this, an essay is prepared each time for the union meetings of Chapters A, B, C, F, I, H, and K, which are held on the second Monday in every month.

Our treasurer reports six dollars always kept on hand in the treasury for contingent expenses, and a snug fund laid aside in the savings-bank for microscopical work.

Our collection, in charge of a curator, consists of a cabinet of insects, a herbarium which is continually increasing, and which now consists of over two hundred plants, and a cabinet of miscellaneous specimens, several of them of value. A catalogue of all objects is kept.

The Librarian reports, as a nucleus for a future society library, nine volumes of the Humboldt Library collection, files of the *Scientific American* for 1884 and 1885, and the *Supplement* for 1884, several works on local botany and geology, and various pamphlets.

With a good, binocular instrument, the property of the society, the microscopical work of Chapter A is perhaps the most thorough and effective that we do. A microscopist is elected each term, who appoints monthly two assistants, and holds with them weekly or semi-weekly meetings, at which the principles of microscopy are studied, and specimens mounted. Thus, in a year, each active member has been assistant at least once. Of the one hundred and forty-five specimens which have been mounted, I send you a list of some of the newer ones to show what kind of work we are doing.

With cordial assurances of the continued and hearty interest of Chapter 91, in the A. A. and its work, I am, yours respectfully,—Cora Freeman, Cor. Sec.

100, *Hartford (B).* Our Chapter has just now seven members in actual attendance, and three others who will come to the meetings a little later in the season. The older boys and girls have outgrown our simple talks on birds, flowers, and insects, although none of them have lost their interest in out-of-door sights and sounds. I am sure that the A. A. has made all of them more observing than they would have been without it. The children in the Chapter just now are from eight to thirteen years old. We are studying butterflies this winter, and I inclose the result of two mornings' careful inspection of the Atlanta, taken down from their own lips. We have no officers just at present, but shall choose them in the spring.

Robert Leverett Brainard, who had been a faithful member of our Chapter for three years, was drowned at Fenwick on the third of last August. He was eleven years and four months old, a sturdy, cheery little fellow, with the promise of a character combining manliness and gentleness. Yours sincerely,—C. M. Hewins, Secretary *pro tem.*

#### EXCHANGES.

Fossil teeth of sharks, fern impressions, and insects.—Edward D. Keith, Providence, R. I., Moore street.

Quartz crystals, shell petrifications, shark's teeth, four inches across.—Miss Lizzie Apple, Sec. 692, Saegerstown, Pa.

Correspondence desired from Gulf States and territories.—A. W. Hodgman, Los Angeles, Cal., Box 727.

A letter seal—with monogram for A. A. Chapters, with number if desired, for minerals or natural curiosities.—C. F. Hotchkin, 101 Main street, Binghamton, N. Y.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

| No. | Name.                                     | No. of Members. | Address.  |
|-----|---|-----------------|---|
| 922 | London, England (E).....                  | 6.              | H. L. Beryl, 17 Pembroke Crest, Bayswater, Lon., W. |
| 923 | Columbus, O. ....                         | 16.             | Russell Kilbourne, 550 E. Iowa Street.              |
| 924 | Lancaster, Pa. (B).....                   | 10.             | Geo. F. Alter, East King St.                        |
| 925 | East Liverpool, O. (A)....                | 6.              | W. M. Hill, Box 395.                                |
| 926 | New York, N. Y. (Y).....                  | 3.              | Wm. Coman, New York, N. Y.                          |
| 927 | Philadelphia, (I).....                    | 5.              | F. M. Vogel, 2454 Nicholas St.                      |
| 928 | East Sound, Washington Territory (A)..... | 20.             | Clarence Van Sant, San Juan Co.                     |
| 929 | Doylestown, Pa., (A).....                 | 12.             | Miss Katherine Grimes.                              |

#### DISSOLVED.

|    |                     |                    |
|----|---------------------|--------------------|
| 93 | Taunton, Mass. .... | H. G. White.       |
| 95 | Rozetta, Ill. ....  | Miss N. M. Crouch. |

Secretaries will please confine their reports within the limits of three pages, commercial note, and invariably set at head of first page—both number and name of Chapter, as they appear in our printed reports. Reports from Chapters 201-300, inclusive, should be sent in as near March 1st as possible. All are invited to join the A. A.

Address the President:

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from "Clifford and Coco"—Paul Reese—"B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1"—"B. L. Z. Bub"—Woodbury—Carey and Alex. Melville—"Chawley Boy"—Maud E. Palmer—Edith, Neil, and Mamma—Maggie T. Turrill—Charles A. Walton—"Pepper and Maria"—Sallie Viles—Ida M. Preston—W. R. M.—"Ma"—and "Billy"—"Blithedale"—Lucia C. Bradley—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Emily and Susie—X. Y. Z.—George H. Meleker—Edith Hunnewell—"Eureka"—"L. Los Regni"—Charlotte B. Capen—Deiwn and Abner Eolrwy—"N. C. Agriculture"—F. I. and A. I.—"Mohawk Valley"—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes—Hazel and Laurel—Nannie S. Barker—Ida C. Lusk—Nellie and Reggie—Bertha Heald—Francis W. Islip—Avis and Grace Davenport—Mamma and "Jokie"—"Navy Yard"—Nellie G.—"San Anselmo Valley"—Agnes Zimmermann and Bertha Gerhard—"Frying-pan"—"The Spencers"—Katie L. Robertson—Fanny R. Jackson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from S. L. S., 1—"Tarr Baby," 1—H. E. J., 2—"Daisyella," 2—Carrie B., 5—"Grace and Arthur," 6—"Chippie Bird," 7—"Mysteriarch," 4—Emma Du Puy, 2—Nellie L. Howes, 2—Alma M. Hoffman, 4—Josie Emmerich, 4—Carrie, Willie, and Stuart Symington, 1—Edgar Reets, 6—Anna M. Tuttle, 2—Maytie Crane, 1—Hattie and Mattie, 1—Ida and Hattie, 1—Harry Hayden, 1—H. W. A., 1—George, Aunt Kate, and Mamma, 8—"Rats," 5—"Zulu," 3—"A Pair," 7—Grace Fleming, 1—Eleanor I. Schultz, 1—R. Earle Olwine, 3—Helen Du Barry, 3—Margie and Florence, 3—B. W. W., 1—Celia Loeb, 2—Fritz G., 1—Helen L. U., 1—Alice Haskell, 1—E. A. Haught, 1—Daisy and "R. I. Chard," 7—Sam Bissell, 4—Richard P. Kent, 3—Willie H. Beers, 1—Edith Humphrey, 5—Peg and Meg, 4—"Yum Yum," 7—"Pottsville," 3—George Costigan, 3—Ida Anspach, 1—N. Phelps, 4—Helen S. and Helen G., 5—J. O. and Wm. Ames, Jr., 2—Charlie D. Mason, 5—Maude G., 2—"Goblin," 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Emma St. C. Whitney, 8—Walter S. Hamburger, 2—Philip R. Coats, 2—"Cousin Hattie" and Lottie Harmon, 7—Estelle H. Rossiter, 2—Justus R. Holmie, 1—Chas. H. Urmoston, 6—"Goose," 2—L. B. B., 2—Amelia N. Junk, 2—Ellen de B. Wickersham, 1—Willie Hollenbeck, 6—Hallie Couch, 7—"Nanki Po" and others, 4—Mamie R., 7—"M. I. Kado," 7—Genio Abner Longley, 4—M. A. C., 1—S. V. L., 2—"Co-Co" and "Pitysing," 4—Laura Whitson, 2—Adelaide Schoonover, 1—Mamie, 6—Malone, 6—Elliot H. Seward, 8—Whipper, Snapper, & Co., 8—Willie K. Cornwell, 2—Florence Aithaus, 1—"Betsy," 2—Mollie Ludlow, 7—Nettie Johnson, 2—Lizzie Wainman, 3—M. J. Renick, 5—Willie H. Dorrance, 4—Ned L. Mitchell, 3—Macy and Fannie Brooks, 3—Fannie S. Merriman and Alta Carter, 1—Millie B. McNaught, 1—Alice Gibbs, 2—Philip James Faulkner, 6—Lillian M. Sprecher, 3—C. C., 1—Alice Frame, 1—Florence Foley, 2—"Mystery," 2—Agnes Converse, 1—Eva Sherwood, 2—"Two Marthas," 8—J. F. and H. S. K., 2—G. P. G. and M. N. W., 7—Nannie, 5—Jennie and T. A. G., 8—Clark Holbrook, 3—W. H. and M., 6—Ethel M. Bennett, 2—Eleanor, Maude, and Louise Peart, 5—"R. U. Pert" and "Theo. Ther," 8—"Lyons, Ia.," 8—Pearl Colby and Nell Betts, 8—Lulu Belle Murdoch, 7—Julian and Grace, 2—"Fan," 4—"Seb and Bam," 7—"Frisco," 4—Laura E. Scott, 1—Carrie C. Howard, 6—Grace Roome, 2—W. D. Keep, 2—L. C. B., 5—"Brother Jonathan," 5—"Sun Dial," 6—A. W. Lindsay, 5—L. L. L. and G. A. P., 8—H. Allen, Jr., 2—George T. Hughes, 2—R. S. and Ray Freeman, 1—A. Mulligan, 3—M. Webb, 3—E. M. Gower and F. S. Merriman, 1—Mah, Amie, and Mabelle, 2—Maggie Dobbs, 3—Harry B. Reynolds, 3—John Vanderbery, 2—Florence I. Crandall, 3—Cora Stroman, 3—Era Bear, 3—Mary Etheridge, 3—Maud Rolland, 3—M. Helen Grant, 3—Sara Irene Cannoles, 3—Odie G. Turner, 3—J. Litchfield, 3—Victor Caffes, 3—Florence Jones, 3—Ella Frances Knight, 3—Maggie Rose, 3—L. May, 8—S. S., 7—L. Lloyd, 2—One of P. E.'s Pets, 2—W. A. La Bar, 5—May B. Creighton, 5—Louise and Henri, 5—Jas. J. Connor, 3—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 5—F. D., 6—Jerome and Eddie, 3—C. Rittenhouse, 2—E. Young and J. Dupuis, 8—M. Ferris, 6—B. F., 7—J. Judge, 5—"Puzzled Family at Leipzig," 5.

## CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In jarred. 2. A lawless crowd. 3. A bird. 4. Waggish. 5. Frustrates. 6. A verb. 7. In jarred.

LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In jarred. 2. The name of a dog famous in fiction. 3. To renovate. 4. A porter. 5. The smallest of Venetian coins. 6. To court. 7. In jarred.

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In jarred. 2. Established. 3. A sweet substance. 4. Refreshed. 5. A claw. 6. Three-fourths of a fracture. 7. In jarred.

LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In jarred. 2. A kind of grain. 3. To happen. 4. Having a raceme. 5. Swelled up. 6. A color. 7. In jarred.

The nine central letters in the above diagram (seven stars and two dots) form a double word-square.

Across: 1. A verb. 2. A mineral substance. 3. A kind of grain. Diamond: 1. To court. 2. A river of Spain. 3. Placed.

"L. LOS REGNI."

## NOVEL ACROSTICS.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these are rightly guessed, and written one below the other, in the order here given, the third row of letters (reading downward) will spell a name formerly given to the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the fifth row of letters will spell what the tenth of March inaugurates.

1. Confined within certain bounds. 2. Dressed. 3. Confines with a rope, as a horse. 4. A man of letters. 5. A gift. 6. The title next to a baron. 7. Published. 8. Used by soldiers for carrying drink. 9. Those who govern in the place of kings. 10. Acts

in opposition to. 11. Cautious to avoid harm. 12. A command. 13. Absence of conceit. 14. A kind of soft leather. 15. Maxims.

GILBERT FORREST.

## ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THE words forming this enigma are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of sixty-four words, is a quotation from a Shakespearean play.

## REBUS.



The answer to the above rebus is a proverb concerning the month of March. A. M.

## CONNECTED DOUBLE SQUARES.



UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE. Across: 1. To stop. 2. A tune. 3. To ogle. 4. To abstain from food. Downward: 1. A moiety. 2. Surface. 3. Falsehoods. 4. A kind of pastry.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE. Across: 1. Cattle used in pairs for drawing a vehicle. 2. The name of the ship which carried Jason and his companions to Colchis. 3. A gold coin used during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. 4. To try. Downward: 1. Sour. 2. A large lake. 3. Turkish chief officers. 4. A conical hill with a smooth top.

LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE. Across: 1. Immovable. 2. A Peruvian title for a chief ruler. 3. A distinguished theatrical performer. 4. Domestic fowls. Downward: 1. An aquatic animal. 2. Before. 3. To scrutinize. 4. Sailors.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE. Across: 1. Trial. 2. To pain. 3. A South American bird, similar to the ostrich. 4. Pieces of turf. Downward: 1. Marines. 2. To resound. 3. To emit. 4. Drinks. Centrals across (seven letters), most rapid; centrals downward, persons having irritable tempers. F. L. F.

## BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a hard substance and leave a sound. 2. Behead angry and leave proportion. 3. Behead a wanderer and leave above. 4. Behead imaginary and leave to distribute. 5. Behead an untruth and leave a conservative. 6. Behead to reconcile and leave a sound. 7. Behead single and leave solitary. 8. Behead a violation of the law and leave hoar-frost. 9. Behead at no time and leave always.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

CHINESE PROVERB. When the heart is out of tune, the tongue seldom goes right.

## RHOMBOID CROSS AND DOUBLE DIAMOND.

A I D E R S O L A R  
S A L A D C A V E S  
M A G O G A P E D  
H E R A T A N  
D A G O N  
R O M A N O R  
W A V E S E T O N  
S E V E N S E P O Y  
C O T E S D E T E R

INVERTED PYRAMIDS. I. 1. Patagonian. 2. Natives. 3. Robed. 4. Men. 5. S. II. 1. Catamaran. 2. Marines. 3. Pined. 4. Dew. 5. D.

10. Behead a black substance and leave attenuated. 11. Behead in what place and leave in this place. 12. Behead a kind of meat and leave mature. 13. Behead oxygen in a condensed form and leave a girdle. 14. Behead an iridescent substance and leave 4840 square yards.

The beheaded letters will spell the name and title of a famous man who died on March 20, 1797. "DICK SWIVELLER."

## RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Requiring to be subtracted. 2. Prongs. 3. Plays on a fife. 4. More domesticated. 5. A measure of capacity. DOWNWARD: 1. In trim. 2. A pronoun. 3. To pinch. 4. One. 5. Part of a flower. 6. A Latin word meaning half. 7. To place. 8. A note in music. 9. In trim. "YOURS TRULY."

## AN OCTAGON.



1. A coal-scuttle. 2. Part of a coat. 3. Malignant. 4. To act. 5. Calumniated. 6. Ancient musical instruments. 7. Conducted. F. L. F.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in coffee, but not in tea;  
My second in breakers, but not in sea;  
My third is in morning, but not in day;  
My fourth is in March, but not in May;  
My fifth is in rumble, but not in roar;  
My sixth is in steps, but not in door;  
My whole is a flower of early spring,  
And promise of summer doth surely bring.

H. C. ROBERTS.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Balls. 2. Allah. 3. Llama. 4. Lamed. 5. Shade.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Little; finals, Dorrit. Cross-words: 1. LanD. 2. JagO. 3. TeaR. 4. TieR. 5. LevI. 6. ExiT. II. Primals, Adams; finals, Adams. Cross-words: 1. AReA. 2. DeaD. 3. AReA. 4. MaIM. 5. SeaS.

BROKEN WORDS. Longfellow; Washington. Cross-words: 1. Lap-Wing. 2. Over-Act. 3. Name-Sake. 4. Green-Horn. 5. Fin-Is. 6. Ear-Nest. 7. Looking-Glass. 8. Loads-Tar. 9. Ode-On. 10. Win-Now.

PL. Never a night so dark and drear,  
Never a cruel wind so chill,  
But loving hearts can make it clear,  
And find some comfort in it still.

DIAMOND. 1. R. 2. Bib. 3. Cedar. 4. Beadles. 5. Riddle-box. 6. Balfid. 7. Rebut. 8. Sol. 9. X. ZIGZAG. The mating of birds. Cross-words: 1. Trap. 2. tHem. 3. pLEa. 4. shAM. 5. drAm. 6. sTOP. 7. Ivry. 8. aNon. 9. leGa. 10. JunO. 11. waFt. 12. cBon. 13. Iron. 14. tRip. 15. biDS. 16. misS.

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE. Basket, skate, teas, sea, ea, a.

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"'I AM SURE YOU ARE A PRINCE,' SAID THE PRINCESS."

[SEE PAGE 406.]

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